

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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# THE TATLER

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Vol. CLXVIII. No. 2192

LONDON

JUNE 30, 1943

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Harlip

### The New Viceroy of India

The appointment of Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell, G.C.B., C.M.G., M.C., as the next Viceroy will give this remarkable soldier a chance to prove his qualities as a statesman. In his previous post as C.-in-C. India, and as a member of the Viceroy's Council, he has had exceptional opportunities to study the social and economic problems of civilian administration in that country. When he succeeds Lord Linlithgow in the autumn, he will be the first Viceroy of this century who has had no parliamentary experience, and the first professional soldier to receive the appointment. The Field-Marshal's own words in a recent speech, "I have put off my uniform . . . and ended my military career," proves his intention of serving our cause and that of India as a civilian. His exceptional character, ability and experience should be of great value to him in shouldering the immense burdens that confront the Viceroy at the present time





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Imagination

IT was one of the King's long-cherished ambitions to visit a fighting front and mix with our soldiers and airmen, but those whose duty it is to advise and guard His Majesty were very reluctant that he should go to North Africa. They foresaw many complications and, above all, many risks. But the King was insistent, and his imagination and determination were justified in the speed and ease of his movements over so many hundreds of miles of land, sea and air as well as in the remarkable reception he received everywhere. The fighting men were pleased to have their King with them; and His Majesty was happy to shake the hands of so many warriors who have won fame in their various ways. Here was the common touch which binds our Royal House ever more closely to the people of this country and the Empire. The King knew that once he got to North Africa he could make his tour an outstanding success in modern times as, indeed, he has done.

It is not generally known that the King was just as anxious to be with his fighting men in the days of defeat as he has been recently in the days of victory. When France was collapsing and our men were fighting a stubborn rearguard action in the Boulogne area, the King wanted to fly to France to cheer the soldiers by his presence. He argued as stubbornly as our men were fighting, but all the advisers were agreed that the risks were too great. Again, not very long after, when the days of France's independence were being counted out the King urged his advisers to

agree to his flying to Bordeaux in the hope that his presence there might rally the French people and stiffen the Government. The answer was that he could not do this because anything might happen to him personally in such circumstances.

## Imperative

NOW that it has been found possible to overcome so many of the difficulties formerly thought to be in the way of the King

Britain's war machine. Up to the last minute it was thought that Mr. Eden would become Viceroy, with special powers to act as the War Cabinet's representative in the Far East battle area, but finally it was decided that he could not be spared. Mr. Eden occupies a unique position in the War Cabinet. He is the man on whom Mr. Churchill leans most, and when the full war history is written the Foreign Secretary's part will be found to have been of vital influence at critical points in the war.

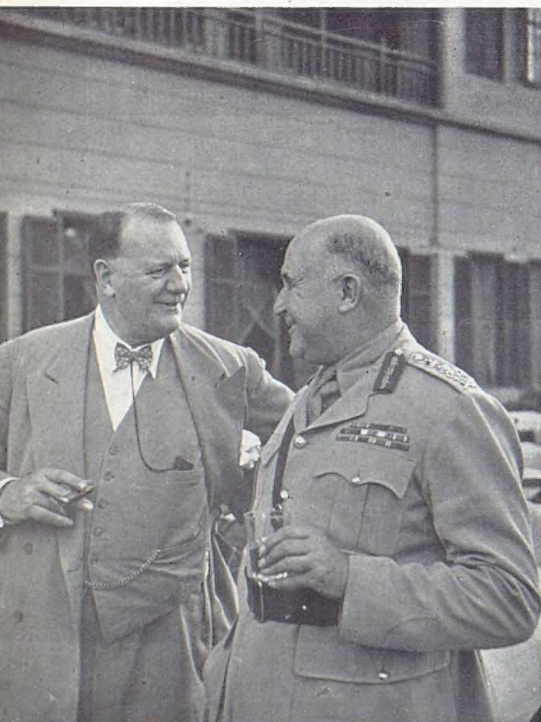
## Philosopher

SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL is a man who is neither elated by success nor deflated by failure. Imagine him being an unemployed colonel only six or seven years ago? Then sweeping the desert of thousands of Italians in one of the swiftest advances in modern war up to that time with an army which at best can only be described as miniature and ill-equipped. I have no doubt that Sir Archibald



*U-Boat Killers Arrive Home*

*Above are officers of H.M.S. Biter, recently home after successful activities against the U-boat. Commander J. A. Agnew, R.N., and Captain E. M. C. Abel Smith, R.N., are seen talking to Sub-Lieutenant G. V. McMorran, R.N.V.R., observer of one of the attacking aircraft, who was wounded by gunfire from a submarine, and Acting Lieutenant-Commander H. S. Hayes, D.S.C., R.N., Air Staff Officer*



*Celebrating the King's Birthday*

*Lord Killearn, British Ambassador to Egypt, and General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, C.-in-C. Middle East, were at a party given by the G.O.C. Cairo area, at Abbassia, to celebrate the King's birthday*

travelling abroad in wartime, I hope every opportunity will be seized, within, of course, the realms of reason and caution, to extend His Majesty's travels. As I have urged before, I would like to see the King visiting Canada to thank the people of the Dominion personally for their exceedingly fine war effort and also for their financial generosity to the people of this country. It would be a fine imperial gesture for the King suddenly to appear in his capital of Ottawa and remain there for a few days. The people of Canada would appreciate it. So would all those who recognise that time and space are contracting ever more rapidly, thereby giving us a bigger and better opportunity to strengthen and consolidate the bonds of Empire.

## Viceroy

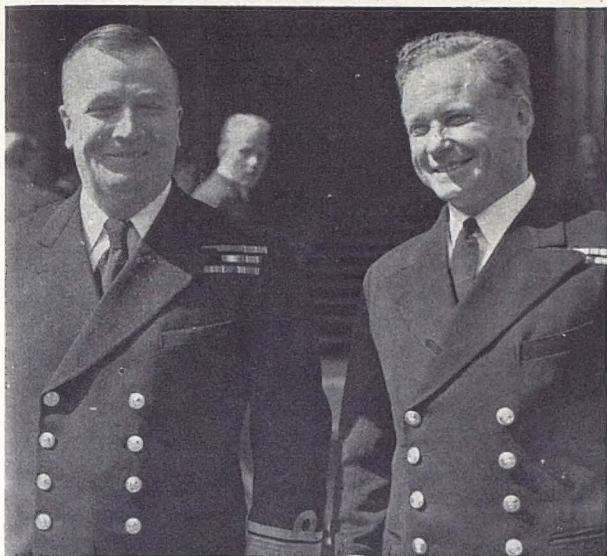
FIELD MARSHAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL's name was always high on the Prime Minister's list for nomination to the King as the Viceroy of India. But after Lord Cranborne, who could not accept the post because of ill health, the prime favourite was Mr. Anthony Eden. He was thought to be the one man who could combine all the qualities of a proconsul with the necessary experience of

would have liked to have pursued the Italians to Tripoli, and there to have consolidated his gains. But the necessity to go to the aid of Greece was recognised by him as a political necessity, even though it meant risking all his previous gains. He agreed to take the risk. I wonder what would have happened if Sir Archibald had remained in the Middle East, with all the opportunities provided by men and equipment which followed later. There can be no question that he would have quickly restored the situation which followed from our defeat in Greece. Instead, when time was rapidly running out, he was sent to India to stem the Japanese advance. Too late. It must have been galling to him once again to be faced with a superior enemy and to be backed with the most meagre supplies of men and war machines. But through all these ups and downs he remained the philosopher he still is as Viceroy-designate at one of the most critical periods in the now quickly moving history of India.

## Poet

ON first glance Sir Archibald's appearance is deceptive. His figure is sturdy, and one side of his face is rugged and gnarled. It is





Rear-Admiral Robert Burnett, leader of the convoy to Russia last winter, received the C.B. and the D.S.O., and Commodore George Simpson, R.N., got the C.B.E. for his part in Russian convoys



Lieutenant-Commander Richard Stannard, V.C., R.N.R., who commanded the destroyer *Vimy* when she sank a U-boat, received the D.S.O. at the investiture



Mr. Roy Chadwick, designer of the Lancaster bomber, was made a C.B.E., and W/Cdr. Guy Gibson, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.F., received the V.C. for leading the attack on the German dams

### *Some of Those Who Were Decorated by the Queen at a Recent Investiture*

the face of a soldier. The other side of this interesting face is more refined in line and most sensitive in character. You can see the poet here. Like all soldiers he looks ill at ease in mufti. But his voice finally reveals his character and his mind. Here is the soldier and the statesman.

#### **Compromise**

NOBODY will say that the latest developments in the political situation in North Africa, where the Allies are trying to produce the rebirth of France, is the happiest of omens. A compromise which does not blend opposing personalities can never be satisfactory, and I doubt whether this patch-up whereby General de Gaulle and General Giraud are both Commanders-in-Chief of the French Army will work. Nor do I believe it possible to run an army by a committee. There will have to be some further and more drastic operation before the body of France is united.

It was the intention of Mr. Anthony Eden and the War Cabinet to leave General de Gaulle and General Giraud to work out France's future restoration unhindered. But at the last moment it is obvious that both Britain and America had to issue an ultimatum. The Allied cause could not continue to be exposed to the jeers of Goebbels by the failure of the two generals to agree. Now we must leave it to time to settle any remaining differences.

#### **Future**

OUTSPOKEN publicists in Germany admit that the Axis powers in Europe have lost the initiative in the war. Marshal Stalin, commemorating Russia's advance into the third year of her fight with Germany, says the situation now depends on the manner in which the United Nations exploit the advantages they have gained. Everything, he says, depends on the opening of a second front this year. Only this can speed victory and save casualties. None can doubt that we are facing the final round of the battle against Hitler. Speed, however, is not enough. There must be careful planning and organisation as well as vision and imagination. Much that has been gained could be lost by unwise or precipitate action, vital opportunity might be lost by too much caution.

This, then, is the situation confronting Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt. Much depends on the degree of co-ordination which has been, and will be established, between the

British, American, and French forces in Europe and Marshal Stalin's armies in Russia. If they can strike as one, and bomb simultaneously Hitler can never regain the initiative, militarily or politically. Until this happens we cannot say that the initiative is secure in Allied hands.

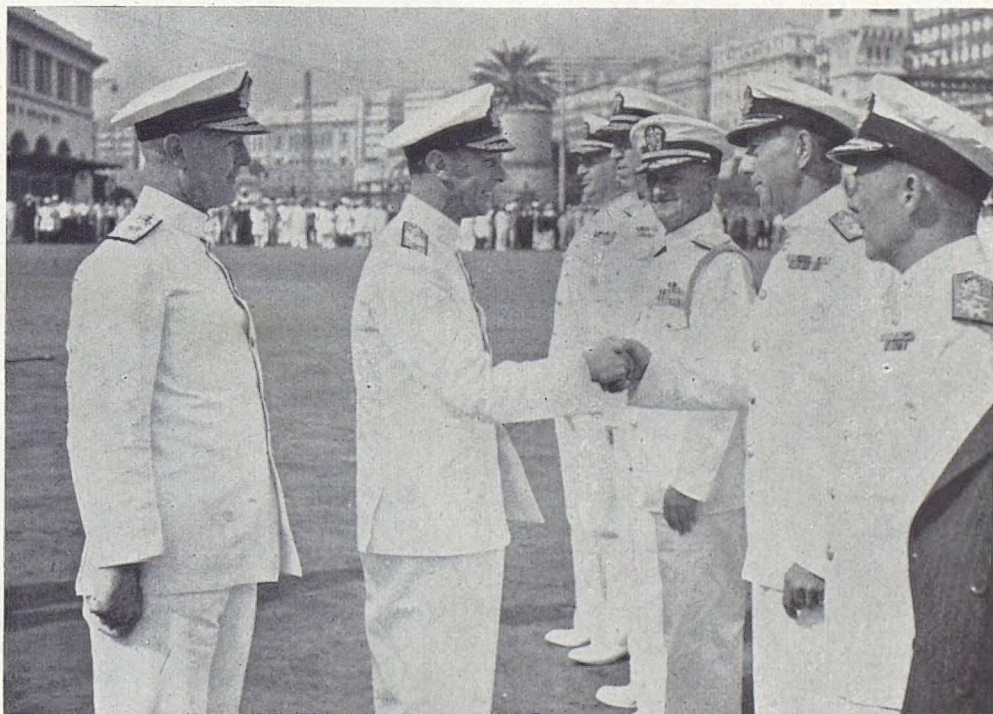
#### **Exit**

ITALY's exit from the war will have a profound effect on the faith of Germans; it might be the final straw. It would be unwise to assume that Italy will be forced out of the war all at once, but the future is beginning to fashion itself fairly clearly. In many respects we appear to be reaching the stage that brought Germany's sudden collapse in the autumn of 1918. There is, of course, some differences. The chief and most vital of these is still the

personality of Hitler. Whereas the Kaiser consented to leave the country when all seemed lost, I cannot see Hitler meekly giving in that way. His end, by his own design or accident, will be much more cunning and violent.

#### **Bombing**

THE bombing of the Ruhr is remorseless, and presents a production problem which the Germans can only overcome by quick improvisation. But they never could improvise. Even if they could, it is obvious that there is no place in Europe where Hitler can feel certain that either by day or by night the Allied bombers will not seek out their targets and destroy them. Whatever military or naval experts may say, this must be the writing on the wall for Hitler.



*The King Meets U.S. Naval Officers in North Africa*

The King shook hands with senior officers of the U.S. Navy during his visit to a naval depot in North Africa. Behind him is Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, who commands British and American naval forces in North Africa. His Majesty also visited units of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean, and men of the Merchant Navy



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Funny and Not so Funny

By James Agate

THE London Pavilion is another of those picture houses which is apparently without regard for the ear-drums of its patrons. The opening of *They Got Me Covered*, the new Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour picture, was ear-splitting. Each and every character was made by the excessive amplification to shout and yell as though the person within two yards of him were standing on the other side of a crevasse in the middle of an Alpine avalanche. The women's voices, being shriller, were even worse. They were like railway engines shrieking at each other across the wastes of Euston. Can nothing be done about this? Of course it can. Then why isn't it?

AT one time I thought I should have to leave. This would have been a pity because the film turned out to be really amusing nonsense. Nobody resents more than I do being asked to take nonsense seriously; nobody welcomes nonsense more than I do when a film obviously starts on the nonsensical plane and continues on that plane to the end. In the present story Bob Hope is foreign correspondent to the American Amalgamated News. On the day of the German invasion of Russia he wires the newspaper that it is 8 to 5 against there being any invasion, having mistaken the marching troops for a ceremonial parade. The rest of the story, which happens alternately in Gestapo headquarters, a beauty parlour, and a girls' apartment house, hardly matters. Nearly all of it is enormously funny with a considerable infusion of wit, and Bob wanders through it like a slightly bewildered, well-intentioned, blundering bison. I rather felt that Dorothy Lamour, who partners him, ought to be pursued by a gorilla or something. But perhaps I was thinking of some other actress.

MANY people are not quite happy about the, I am willing to believe, subconscious sympathy with the Nazis that is beginning to show in some of our plays and films. Was it not in *49th Parallel* that Eric Portman, playing the part of a Nazi, showed himself no end of a fine fellow? Here is what I wrote in this page at the time of the production of this film (1941):—

The thing which makes this picture remarkable is its extraordinary fairness. To show the Nazis as unalloyed gangsters was never good enough. The philosophy of gangsterism is grabbing for one's self. The philosophy of Nazidom is grabbing on behalf of a nation, which is not less base, but has this difference, that in pursuit of this vile doctrine there is scope in the individual Nazi for loyalty, purpose, tenacity and unending courage.

Which shows that quite early in the war the trick of crediting the individual Nazi with the qualities of the hero—for loyalty, purpose, tenacity and courage are the attributes of heroism—had already been launched and got under way. (Was I simple enough to fall for this? Alas, yes.)

WHETHER Steinbeck meant it or not, the sum total of *The Moon is Down* is the suggestion that we ought to be sorry for Nazis marooned in the countries they occupy and never knowing whether the next five minutes may not see them stabbed or shot or thrown into some convenient canal. In this book, play, and presumably film, the Nazi Commandant is shown as a decent-minded fellow recognising that the Nazi methods of occupation are wrong and in the long run unavailing, but doing his duty like a good German. "I can think one thing and carry out another," he says. Even our own Colonel Blimp shows

the popular Anton Walbrook as an entirely delightful and reformed Nazi officer, dreaming about a Germany which has expelled Nazi-ism from its blood. And then that picture of the German officers in their prisoners' camp steeped in the humanities and Schubert. I do not say that this pro-Nazi strain in pictures is deliberate—I say that it is dangerous and that the fact that it is not deliberate makes it more dangerous still.

NOW comes *This Land Is Mine* (Tivoli) which is about the occupation of a town somewhere in Europe. Here again the Commandant (Walter Slezak) turns out to be a charming fellow quite willing to overlook any amount of anti-Nazi action if he can maintain peace. A train taking a consignment of food to Germany is wrecked. Now this, in the normal course of events, would lead to the taking of hostages and the subsequent shooting of them unless whoever committed the outrage is discovered or gives himself up. But such shooting, argues the Commandant who appears to be first cousin to Steinbeck's Colonel Lanser, will only lead to another outrage, which will mean taking and shooting a hundred hostages—which again will be followed by a third outrage, and so on and so forth. Wherefore he proposes to call the first affair an accident and say no more about it. I would like to call the attention of this film's makers to the fact that any Nazi commandant condoning outrages by pretending to regard them as accidents would be at once removed.

OUR film conveniently overlooks this. Presently a bomb is thrown, Nazi soldiers are killed, and later an ammunition train is blown up, which forces the Commandant to action. The local assistant-schoolmaster (Charles Laughton) finds himself involved to the extent of being accused of the murder of a local railway official (George Sanders) who is a tool of the Nazis. There is a great deal in the picture about this gentleman, and also about the Mayor (Thurston Hall), both of whom make out the best possible case for the quislings. This reinforces my statement that the film has disconcerting tendencies. In reality the railway official has committed suicide owing to a guilty conscience. In the end the schoolmaster is put on trial and is permitted to deliver a long-winded speech on the meaning of freedom, which oration the authorities would stop after two minutes. Do the makers of this film really believe that in an occupied town the Germans are going to allow a man on trial to develop an intricate philosophical tirade on behalf of liberty, and against the conqueror's oppression? This is what happens in the present film. Let me repeat that I distrust that portraiture which shows the Nazi as a man in whose mouth butter has not even a tendency to melt.

QUITE apart from its political implications I regard this film as dull, prolix and unamusing. It ends with Laughton reading the American Bill of Rights to his pupils. I fear Charles's habit of reading bits of Magna Carta and such-like manifestos is growing on him; someone should break him of it. At the same time it is the best thing he does in the present performance, which for the most part is boring, unattractive, and even unappetising.



*The Bill of Rights v. Nazi Tyranny*

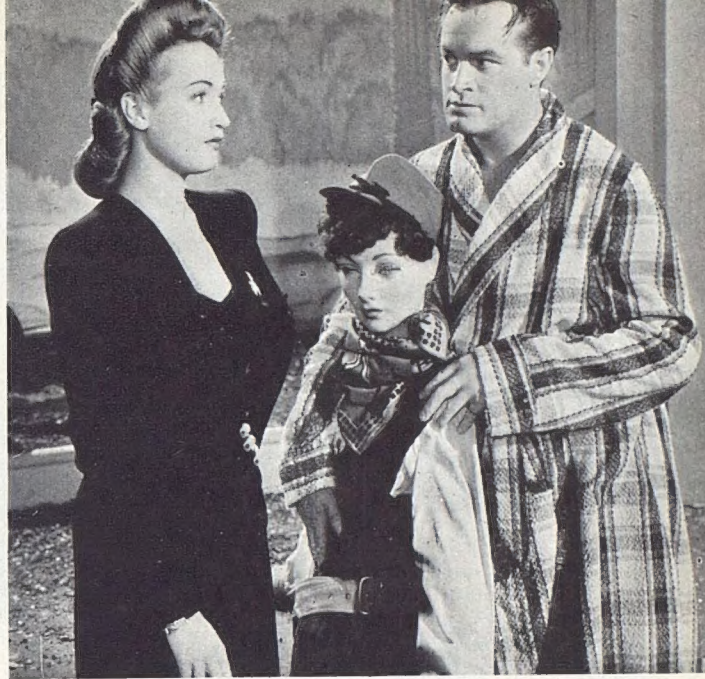
"*This Land Is Mine*" (Tivoli) is another variation on the theme of liberty's struggle against Nazi oppression. Left: George Sanders as a quisling, Oscar Lorraine as a Nazi officer, Walter Slezak as the humane Commandant forced into reprisals by sabotage. Right: Charles Laughton, as the condemned schoolmaster, reads the American Bill of Rights to his pupils and his mother (Una O'Connor)



## Full of Good Hope

Nazi Agents, Disguises  
ad lib. and, of course, a  
Blonde set the Pace in  
"They Got Me Covered"

Bob Hope's latest picture, *They Got Me Covered* (Regal, Marble Arch and London Pavilion), gets him into a heap of trouble. Sacked as a foreign correspondent in Moscow, he tries to reinstate himself, with Dorothy Lamour's help, by buying the inside story about Axis spies and sabotage in America from a mysterious agent. The enemy big shots prefer discrediting him by marrying him off to a blonde actress to bumping him off



Dorothy Lamour can't get the hang of the story of Bob's adventures in the beauty salon where he disguises himself as a show figure to overhear the Axis spies

Lured to a Nazi haunt, Bob Hope uneasily fastens a shoelace which happens to belong to someone else. The body under the sofa is a corpse



A stenographer (Phyllis Ruth) is sent by Bob's girl (Dorothy Lamour) to meet Vanescu (John Abbott), who dictates his spy story. Axis thugs kidnap her and the note-book



The chief Axis agent (Otto Preminger) hands some doped cigarettes to his confederate (Lenore Aubert) posing as Mrs. Vanescu



After his encounter with Lenore Aubert and her drugged cigarettes Bob Hope passes out



Bob wakes up in Niagara Falls to find himself married to a blonde queen of burlesque (Marion Martin)



The mysterious Mrs. Vanescu is traced to a beauty salon (Axis headquarters). Bob, dodging his pursuers, nips into one more disguise



Bob rescues the kidnapped stenographer in the beauty salon. After a fierce struggle he gets the story and Dorothy Lamour as well



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Sweet and Low (Ambassadors)

THIS witty revue has little in common with the lullaby from which its equivocal title is taken. Its sweetness is more tart, its lowness less balmy than the wind of the western sea. That is as it should be, for true revue is no respecter of sentiment. The dictionary defines it as a "loosely constructed play or series of scenes or spectacles presenting or satirising current events." *Sweet and Low* has twenty-nine scenes, and leaves no doubt as to which are spectacular, which satirical, or, for that matter, which are the most popular. The leaders of the revs, Miss Hermione Gingold and Mr. Walter Crisham, are expert at this kind of thing, and, like parent swans, convoy a lively company of cygnets through the deeps and shallows of a brisk, varied, and amusingly impudent programme.

Miss Gingold is steadily establishing herself as the Hogarth of intimate revue. Her art is

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Newcomer Bonar Colleano shows his versatility as compère, comedian, mimic, singer and acrobatic dancer

individual and uncompromising, and has a tang like that of garlic in a salad. In suggesting that it is something of an acquired taste, I would not be thought grudging or censorious. Burlesque, sarcasm, satire and caricature are her forte. The harsher notes of the vaudeville gamut seem to constitute her natural register. Much of her present material is coterie stuff, dependent for its full effect on the audience's familiarity with back-stage gossip and green-room rumour. It has little tenderness for the so-called glamour of the footlights, still less for the popular stars who dispense it. She throws the green-room open to the public, and invites us to revel in the disclosures that ensue.

The first of her intimate numbers is a lament for her quondam partner and namesake, Hermione Baddeley, with its punning refrain: "I do miss Hermione badly!" Its



Hlena Sylva as *The Merry Widow*, one of the poisoned revivals in "Arsenic and Old Plays"

appropriate patter recalls their successful association and professional rivalry in terms that delight an audience that prides itself on being in the know. And it deals some deft backhanders. A similar intimacy sharpens "Poison Ivy" in which, with Mr. Crisham's ungrudging connivance, the professional guests of a popular and eclectic restaurant are subjected to gruelling observations, both oral and visual, that are calculated to chasten complacency.

Miss Gingold's more classical essays—Shakespearean, Borgian, Wagnerian—are vigorous burlesque stamped with the impress of a tough but not unamiable wit. "Arsenic and Old Plays," which she has devised, is a pitiless, potted travesty of some current revivals and successes that does not spare their leading players, and does her credit both as author and actress.

Mr. Crisham, too, is no mere sentimentalist, and his contributions seldom trespass on the sweet. They range from the choreographic to the bizarre, and have an exotic trend. The rhythms of exhibition dancing come as readily to his agile limbs as the twisted smile of mockery to his mobile features. He likes dressing up, and delights in giving such glib apologists as the entrenched non-combatants of the screen a dressing down. His versatility rises to shivering in the crow's-nest of a convoyed liner at sea, voicing the idiomatic loneliness of an American warrior in the black-out of Parliament Square, and collaboration in Miss Gingold's tart disclosures.

The younger members of the company display promising talent. Miss Brenda Bruce has a sense of character and a flair for soubrette variety; Miss Edna Wood enhances general utility with personal charm, and invests a disrobing, after-the-ball scena with musical and



"Poison Ivy." Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold exchange biting stage gossip at the favourite rendezvous of their victims

de-sartorial graces. "Ivan Ivanovitch," a brightly painted, pseudo-Slavonic burlesque, gives Mr. Bonar Colleano his major chance, which he takes with zest and agility.

There are free-thinkers who feel that writers for the theatre, as compared with novelists, publicists and social critics, are unfairly limited in their choice of subjects for satire. This may explain the tendency of revue writers to concentrate on theatre shop and personalities to the exclusion of more general topics. *Sweet and Low* shows no sign of labouring under such a handicap.

The various wits, lyricists and composers include some practised hands who know their job, and who vindicate the adage: Brevity is the soul of wit. Their twenty-nine numbers maintain a good average in style and melody, and are assembled and presented with a brisk enthusiasm and skill that emphasise their variety and ensure the success of the show.



Beauty in Bloomers. Edna Wood and Brenda Bruce bicycle back to the decorous days of the 'nineties





*Rothley Lake House*

## Quiet Week-End

At Esther McCracken's  
Northumberland Home

Esther McCracken, authoress of *Quiet Wedding* and its record-breaking successor, *Quiet Week-End*, is the owner of Rothley Lake House, near Morpeth, where she works hard on the farm of 23 acres. Her husband, Lt.-Col. McCracken, is serving with the Eighth Army, and until a year ago, she herself was in the W.R.N.S. acting as a driver in her home town, Newcastle. Her daughters, Jane and Heather, during their holidays help their mother in the garden and with the livestock. Esther McCracken's latest play, *Living Room*—in rather more serious vein than her previous ones—was produced at the Garrick Theatre a short time ago, while *Quiet Week-End* passed its 800th performance at Wyndham's on June 19th, creating a record in that theatre's forty-four years' history.



*Where the Plays are Written? Esther McCracken at Her Desk*



*Fishing on the Lake with Jane*



*Saddling Up Before a Ride*



*Esther McCracken with Her Daughters and a Friend*



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### The King's Travels

IT was immediately after our final victory in Tunisia that the King first expressed his wish to go out and see the Anglo-American victors, but his visit was impossible until the armies had regrouped after fighting had finished—a process that naturally took some little time—and when this had been done, Mr. Churchill was out of the country. Though there is no constitutional reason why the King and the Prime Minister should not be away together, for both of them to be out of the country at the same time is obviously not very desirable in war, and his Majesty decided to wait until Mr. Churchill was safely back at home before embarking on his own travels.

With the all-important and quite arduous duties of the senior Counsellor of State added to her ordinary daily activities, the Queen has been one of the busiest women in the country in the past few days. Each morning a formidable pile of "boxes"—the red leather despatch-cases containing Government papers—has arrived at the Palace for her attention and signature, and, though Counsellors of State do not have to receive Ministers and officials in audience, there are many other items of routine business demanding attention. Most of this work of deputising for the King has been carried out by the Queen and the Duke of Gloucester, so that the other three Counsellors, the Princess Royal, Princess Arthur of Connaught and Lady Southesk—strange that they should all be women—have had little to do.

### Charity Premiere

A BIG crowd saw the stars arrive for the premiere of *Forever and a Day*, the mammoth all-star film for which cast, producers, directors and authors gave their services free so that all the profits made by the film should go to charities here and in the States.

The premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre was in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund, and there was a bevy of charming programme-sellers assembled by

Mrs. Howard Wyndham. The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage arrived in her Red Cross uniform and sat with Lord Iliffe; Miss Jessie Matthews, one of the stars of the film, was near by in a long-sleeved brown satin dress and an attractive hat made of pale pink feathers. Miss Anna Neagle, in a pink evening dress, made a speech before the showing of the film, describing its making and the generous motives which had prompted it. Much money has already been made for various good causes in America, and there is no doubt that much will also be made here. The film does a sturdy job of propaganda at the same time. Miss Neagle also read a telegram of good wishes from H.M. the King.

### Ladies' Day at Newmarket

MANY thousands of war-workers and Servicemen arranged to take their leave so as to attend this meeting, but in order to give those only able to get Saturday off the chance of getting to the Derby, the Jockey Club arranged for the Oaks to be run the previous day—a well-thought-out break with tradition which must have been much appreciated.

Why Hurry, who had been considered unlucky in the 1000 Guineas, won a very popular victory for Mr. "Jimmy" Rank, but Lord and Lady Rosebery must have been very proud, although disappointed, at the most gallant effort of little Ribbon, who, though left at least 100 yards, was only beaten a neck after a great effort to catch her conqueror.

Lady Derby, who wisely wore a mackintosh hood, came with her granddaughters, Miss Priscilla Bullock, who is an officer in the W.R.N.S. and wore uniform, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood, to see Herringbone run, and was saying how disappointed Lord Derby had been at not being well enough to come also.

The King, absent on his African tour, must have been very pleased at the news of yet another victory at home, his two-year-old Putting Green having beaten a large field in the Ixworth Stakes. Sir Richard and Lady Sykes came down from Sledmere to see their beautiful filly, Dancing Goddess, run third in this race.



Johnson, Oxford

### Wedding Guests

The Duke of Leeds (centre) is seen here with other guests at the wedding of Sgt. F. C. Wood, R.A.F., of Ontario, and Miss Jeanne Hough, at Eynsham, Oxfordshire

Lady Sykes was Miss Virginia Gilliatt before their marriage last autumn.

### The Derby

THE Derby Day crowd was simply stupendous, people having endured every sort of discomfort to achieve their objective. They were rewarded for their enterprise by a grand day's racing, the Derby itself providing a wonderful finish. Straight Deal, owned by the Hon. Dorothy Paget, just beat the Aga Khan's Umiddad and Nasrullah, who had turned over a new leaf and did his best. Miss Paget's victory was a very popular one indeed. No one has done more to keep racing going during the hard times which it has had to weather during this war, and for many years she has had little reward for all the money and interest she has expended on her bloodstock. Everyone was delighted to see her leading in her Derby winner and, only a brief half-hour later, her Coventry Stakes winner, Orestes, who will be a factor to be reckoned with in next year's Derby.

The Private Members' Stand was packed. Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, Chief of Bomber Command, with a number of R.A.F. officers from near-by stations which he had been visiting, was one who took a few hours off to see the racing. Miss Kate Farrar, who has



### A Recent Christening Party

Carolyn Clare Barbadee Meyer, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer's baby daughter, was christened at the King's Chapel of the Savoy on June 12. In this picture are W/Cdr. Thomson (proxy for Mr. Rawdon Pember, godfather), Miss W. Hardinge (godmother), Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer and the baby, Viscountess Errington (godmother), and the Hon. Henry Savile (proxy for the Earl of Rosse)



### A June Wedding in London

The marriage of Lt. Craig Wheaton-Smith, R.A., an Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Wheaton-Smith, and Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky took place on June 19th, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. She is Prince and Princess Wiasemsky's daughter, and is a granddaughter of Mr. Gordon Selfridge





Lady (Valian) Chetwynd gave the party. She is the widow of Sir Victor Chetwynd, Bt. With her here is Gen. Thield, U.S. Army.



Lady Victor Paget was talking to Mr. Jan Hambourg at the party, which was held to raise funds for a day-nursery in Sussex



Capt. Harrison-Wallace, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior were two more there. She is wife of Lt.-Col. R. H. Senior, D.S.O.

### Lady Chetwynd's Party in Aid of War Nurseries

done such brilliant work as Corps Commandant of the American Ambulance (Great Britain), came in uniform and was hopeful that her grey Comatas would win, but he did not run up to expectations. Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford had a large family party with them, which included Mrs. Parker Bowles, and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon and their youngest daughters, Miss Violet and Miss Catherine de Trafford.

Others seen were Mrs. Pat Grey, who as Miss Anne Hickman, was Master of the West Waterford Hounds and a rare one to go; Lady Helen Smith, who is Lord Rosebery's daughter by his first marriage, and is now market gardening at Roehampton; Mr. "Ruby" Holland-Martin, who won the National Hunt on his own horse, Rudolph IV., and has just been elected a member of the Jockey Club; the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Captain Tom Blackwell, Miss Ann Nettlefold, Mrs. Peter Herbert, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Capt. and Mrs. Reggie Macdonald Buchanan, Sir Melville Ward, Mrs. Corlette Glorney, who is working very hard in an American Red Cross canteen and rarely comes racing nowadays; Capt. "Jakie" Astor, who hoped that if Way In did not win Pink Flower would, as he was bred by Lord Astor and so would to some extent break the bad luck that he has had in never succeeding in winning a

Derby, although like Way In this year, his horses have often started favourite; Lady Goulding, Major Claude Sykes and Sir William Cooke.

### Memorial Exhibition

MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY EDEN attended the private view of the memorial exhibition of the works of Philip Wilson Steer, O.M., at the National Gallery. The artist's various phases are so different from one another that it was quite hard to believe that all the works exhibited were by the same man. He ranged from rough, palette-knife impressionism to almost Flemish meticulousness and smoothness of surface, and is best known for his landscapes, in some of which extremely difficult light-effects are successfully achieved. Most of the pictures shown were loaned by art galleries, museums or private collectors, Lord Bearsted, Mr. Vincent Massey and Lord Leverhulme among the latter; also Sir Kenneth Clark, who was chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden at the private view, where Mr. John Rothenstein and Mr. Robin Ironside were also active.

### Return of the Bicycle

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES RHYS has been in the wars. When out on her bicycle, speeding down a hill near her home at Camberley,

her spaniel shot across her front wheel. She had to make a quick decision—either to run over him or to jump off. Of course, she jumped, with dire results—a cracked bone in her foot which had to be put into plaster of Paris. Now, however, Mrs. Rhys can manage to get about a bit, after having to hobble on crutches. The bicycle is much in favour by many women, who are brave enough to use it in London as well as in the country. Marie Lady Willingdon, after a lapse of thirty years, has once again taken to it, but she leaves her dogs, three much-loved Pekes, at home when she ventures along the London streets. Lady Monckton (wife of Sir Walter) is another cyclist, and pedals off from her flat in Cadogan Place on shopping expeditions; then, after putting some hours in a factory, she is ready to cook a dinner for eight or so in the evening!

### Seen About London

LADY URSULA VERNON was a tall and lovely figure walking down Bond Street in big dark spectacles, no hat on her long, golden hair, and wearing a plain navy-blue coat. Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, whose baby daughter was christened lately, were out together. She was Miss Barbadee Knight, and was looking

(Concluded on page 408)



Bertram Park



Fayer



Swaebe

### A Country Wedding of Last Week

Lady Barbara Maureen Stuart-Wortley and Lt. David Cecil Ricardo, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, only son of Major and Mrs. L. F. Ricardo, of Waterside, Lingfield, Surrey, were married on June 23rd at St. Leonard's, Wortley. The bride is the third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharnclyffe, of Wortley Hall, Sheffield

### An Engagement

Capt. Timothy Ellis, K.S.I., son of Mrs. D. Ellis, of Bank House, Ledbury, is shortly to marry Miss Veronica Rose, daughter of G/Capt. T. F. D. and the Hon. Mrs. Rose, and granddaughter of the late Lord Hirst



## "Magic Carpet"

Sydney Howard Leads the Way from Araby to Panama in a Spectacular Tour of Song, Dance and Good Fooling



### Refinement Behind the Counter

Sydney Howard adds another conversation piece to his portrait gallery of unctuous ladies of uncertain vintage. Here he is as Miss Finchbottom, of the Bon Marché. The dummy legs, viewed frontally, look like his own—a droll effect



### "The Land of the Midnight Sun"

Sydney Howard and Cyril Fletcher, as a couple of bureaucrats, arrive to plan a new city with Woolworth's, Marks and Spencer's, etc., as landmarks

● In a Firth Shephard revue one good scene deserves another, and a glimpse of the *Arabian Nights*, complete with irate Caliph, lovely daughter, harem beauties and all, is as good a start as any. To get Sydney (Moustafa) Howard, Cyril (dreaming-of-thee) Fletcher and company on the move and give producer Robert Nesbitt his head, a Magic Carpet is just the thing. The result is a round tour from Venice to Panama, via Regency Brighton, the North Pole, New York and the Wild West. Beautifully staged, lit and dressed, this "musical extravaganza" at the Princes is full of good things to suit all tastes



### Saloon-Bar Badinage

Betty Warren, as an ample Mae West-ern charmer, complete with old-time song, gets off with Sydney Howard as a tenderfoot in the Wild West



### "The Symphony of the Sky"

The Finale of Part I. Mercury and the Clouds, Prudence Hyman as the Spirit of Flight, the various Winds, Zephyr and The Elements (Juanita and the Ganjou Brothers) make a picture which pleases the eye



### "Rhapsody on the Road"

The two cyclists (Patricia Stainer and Graham Payn) are joined by the motorists of yesteryear (Josephine Yorke, Sheila Huntly, Rosemary Chance, Lyle Evans, Sidney Pointer and Gavin Gordon)





### Sitting it Out

Cyril Fletcher forsakes Odd Odes and evening dress, and with Betty Astell (his wife) takes off a shy couple at a dance whose efforts to make conversation are painfully dumb



### We are Not Amused

The scene is Brighton beach, about 1914. The O'Gorman Brothers, Dave and Joe, do their cross-talk act on Longshoreman Sydney Howard's pitch. It fails to raise even the ghost of a smile

Photographs by  
John Vickers



### Sensational Aerobatics

An action shot of the Ganjou Brothers and Juanita in the middle of their act. The way in which Juanita is thrown from Ganjou to Ganjou and back to Ganjou brings down the house—but mercifully not Juanita



### "Yesterday's Dreams"

Prudence Hyman and Graham Payn dance together in a reincarnation of a one-time dancing act that was a high-spot in its day



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**O**BEDIENT to one of those recurrent and mysterious *mots d'ordre*, our free soul-mates and brothers the Fleet Street boys turned in a body on General de Gaulle the other morning and scolded him in unison for having a temperament.

The General, to whom France will owe so much, doubtless has a temperament, like most other outstanding men. It is not difficult, on the other hand, for anybody acquainted with Third Republic politicians to guess at something of what he is up against at Algiers. However, what we've been trying to discover, in your behalf, is the fascinating way in which the Fleet Street boys at regular intervals get "the straight griffin," as they say east of Aldgate. Our information is that in a large darkened room at Whitehall there is a tripod on a dais behind curtains, and on it sits a veiled sibyl. When the boys are gathered and all is ready the curtains suddenly divide and the sibyl is seen in a cloud of vapour, twisting, moaning, and wrestling with some influence unseen. Strange jumbled words begin to issue from her mouth, such as:

"Tell Charley the Buffalo . . ."  
 "Number One says give Joe . . ."  
 "Beaver-beaver-burning-bright . . ."  
 "Topsy must bring forms . . ."  
 "Not little Mrs. Whoosis. . ."  
 "Tell Dusty quick . . ."

## Message

**F**INALLY the words shape themselves into more consecutive sentences and the sibyl says abruptly; "Okay. Take this down, boys." She then dictates a peremptory order from the gods, ends with a veiled threat or two, and subsides into exhausted silence. The vapour smells like sulphur-dioxide mingled with Chanel's *Embrasse-Moi Ce Soir* and presumably issues from some cavern deep in the earth. The sibyl is middle-aged, blonde, and stoutish, with a *Del Rey* perm. Interesting, what?

## Waterpiece

**O**UR recent note that members of the Bath Club, when basking on dry land, often fall in love with human maidens, whereupon their extremities shrivel into feet and they hop round in great pain, very polite but very happy, is challenged by a member we know who says that those are only half the facts, which are to be found in Hans Andersen.

Looking it up, we find that by falling in love with a human maiden a member of the Bath Club renounces his wonderful

life under the waves and his watery brethren, who swim round singing sadly and holding out their arms at the shallow end; but he qualifies—if the maiden returns his love truly—for an immortal soul in exchange. (Otherwise he just lives 300 years and dies without one.) If the maiden rejects or tires of him, he goes back to his native element, throws himself weeping into the deep end, and is changed into a pearly foam, which annoys the Committee and fills several pages of the Complaints Book. On the other hand if he has performed good deeds during his time on dry land he may still, under Rule 355(b), receive an immortal soul by striving 300 years under water in the same way, helping other members when they sink after meals and so forth. This rarely happens, apparently.

We're just a simple longing fool for romance of this quiet, beautiful kind. And you? How divine. Tell the band to play *Hearts and Flowers* or we'll bite you.



"Now, promise you only want them for a still-life group"



"Cheer up, old chap . . . after all, most bitches are women"

## Chum

**R**EGULARLY every year, to the delight of us in the Hick Belt, some City slicker quotes that charming Bellocian poem about "yaffle under Gumber calls" under the impression that a yaffle is a cuckoo.

The yaffle is the green woodpecker (*Picus viridis*) and he doesn't shout, like the cuckoo, but laughs heartily, like a stockbroker at play. For this reason Gumber Corner, in the lovely High Down country near Arundel, where the yaffle laughs very loudly every Spring, is thought by many to be in Surrey—an ignoble and even bestial thought. What the yaffle has to laugh about no naturalist, even Gilbert White, has ever explained. Maybe in the intervals of tapping at his tree he thinks of the death-watch beetle at work on the noggin of certain Members of Parliament and remembers what the 18th-century poet said about those boys at work:

The Walls, the very Walls  
 advife,  
 Each mean, degenerate  
 Thought chafte,  
 And rouse the Sons with all their  
 Fathers' Fires.

Perhaps the thought of City slickers, all bounce and brilliantine, mistaking him for a cuckoo makes the yaffle laugh as well, for well he knows the rude, ancient cuckoo-cuckoldry joke which charmed our merry forefathers through the ages, and still charms the French. When the vile little daughter of a Parisian concierge wants to infuriate the married lodger on the fourth-floor back she imitates the cuckoo. It's the neighbours who then imitate the yaffle.

(Concluded on page 398)



# Red Cross Premiere

"Forever and a Day," Film  
of Innumerable Stars



*Lt. Lewis escorted Jessie Matthews, who plays Mildred Trimble in the film*



*Anna Neagle, another star, is here with Herbert Wilcox, one of the seven directors*

Seven directors and some eighty of Hollywood's best-known stars gave their services free in the making of *Forever and a Day*. All proceeds of the film are to go to war charities, and the premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre was given in aid of the Red Cross. Some of those who went to it are seen on this page



*Frances Day, the well-known actress, was another at the first performance*



*The Hon. Mrs. McNaughton and Mrs. Grant Washington Singer were there*



*Viscountess Bury, Lord Londonderry's youngest daughter, was in the audience*



*Lady Hudson was with Nina Countess Granville in the foyer of the theatre*



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

## Enigma

THE case of that eminent Special Branch (Scotland Yard) detective who has been injured in a revolver-accident must recall to the thoughtful a strange paradox, or what the dons call an antinomy.

Detectives of the Special Branch are employed as the "shadows" of big British political boys, to guard them against lethal attack from a populace which is simultaneously known (vide Press) to adore and cherish them beyond all earthly things. Unless we err damnably, even the militant suffragettes of the Dark or Edwardian Age, who used whenever possible to take cracks at the big boys with sticks, hammers, and axes to show that women were qualified for the vote, were the first to mention that they really esteemed them highly and that they were dear fellows, dear persons. This is puzzling.

One explanation we've been able to get from a chap in close touch is that it isn't really a paradox at all. The Special Branch are probably saving the big boys up for somebody—some powerful political rival who wants first crack when the time comes, for instance. Sometimes (he added) there may be a waiting-list, and the Special Branch man has to keep a careful note of it in order of precedence, e.g.:

1. "Uncle." (Impt.)
2. Mrs. H.
3. Tall chap with red hair (£50 deposit).
4. Unknown actress signs herself "Oogle-Poogle" (letters in Safe-Deposit).
5. Liberal Party (various—ask Joe who gets first crack. Lot of quarrelling over this).
6. Relatives, various.

So when you see that bland, toothy smile as the big boy pauses to be photographed, reflect that it isn't all doughnuts and daffy-downillies to be among the big shots in the racket, unless our informant lies.

## Aside

BY reviving Henri Becque's excellent play *La Parisienne* at the St. James's, the stage boys show what dumbos they were to ban the soliloquy as an art-form.

All that tiresome modern fussing with telephones and whatnots fails to better the simple old-fashioned commonsense method of letting the heroine turn aside a moment and remark audibly to herself: "Sir Nero making passes at little me again! There's something up. Baby's sleeve for that popeyed menace, believe you me!" Moreover, it is natural and true to life. Dr. Johnson used to soliloquise frequently in a strong determined voice. The idea that anybody who likes talking to himself is ripe for the loony-bin is quite recent and inexplicably foolish.

As we've said before, the Chinese theatre's way is perfect, and should be generally adopted. As soon as the curtain rises the first character to appear (in England,

a butler) should come down to the footlights and make a statement. For example:

PARKER: My name is Parker and I am butler to Lord Rollo Sangazure. His Lordship has designs on Miss Prudence Dawne, who is staying in this house. At the moment the betting among our guests is 7 to 1 on. However, it looks to me as if a chap named Eric Trueblood is about to hit his Lordship for six. I will now get on the telephone to Sparkler's on his Lordship's behalf and order a diamond pendant with which he hopes to do the trick. (Goes to telephone.)

However woozy a first-night audience may be, and is, it couldn't help guessing that something or other was afoot. Is James ("Boss") Agate in the house? You needn't open those weary eyes yet, Boss.

## Snickersnee

THIS is a better war for Gurkhas than World War I, it may have occurred to you on meditating the feat of that Gurkha Subadar who lately earned a V.C. No endless trenches kneedeep in icy mud for those little braves in Tunisia, but the kind of fighting Gurkhas like—rough open country, gullies, surprise, and a fierce noiseless final mixup with the kukri. As knives go, the kukri—we were inspecting one recently—is a specialist's blade, unlike the daggers and stilettos we saw displayed a little time ago in an Oxford cutler's window, models which the tiniest clumsiest don could handle. Poison is the most typical academic weapon, but presumably there was a demand for daggers in Oxford at the time. They can be hidden in a gown at High Table or flung, *more Mexicano*, from a window at night as your rival teeters home across the Quad. Female dons presumably carry daggers in their garters. We didn't like to question the cutler about this, fearing to wound his delicacy, but obviously he wasn't showing all those dainty, glittering Size 5 blades for nothing.



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"—I sent it to the laundry with the rest of my kit"

At Cambridge they use more scientific methods of settling donnish scores, we're told, such as sending out trained laboratory rats or mathematicians with curare on their fangs to bite their enemy on the ankle. This joyless method would have pained the great Richard Porson, Regius Professor of Greek and author of the wellknown lyric:

I went to Frankfort and got drunk  
With that most learn'd professor, Brunck;  
I went to Wortz and got more drunken  
With that more learn'd professor, Ruhnken.

## Footjoy

NATTY City chaps, financiers and so forth, who may be worrying over the promised shoe-shortage can reassure themselves. The sole of the naked human foot very soon becomes marvellously tough, and they can more-over steal up more quietly on people.

Even when the feet are webbed like a duck's, as was the case of the Reine Pédauque, whose tomb is at Toulouse, we can't see why there should be any objection to walking barefoot.

There's no contemporary portrait of the Reine Pédauque, and why modern artists going whimsy on the topic—for example, in that restaurant-sign near the Gare St. Lazare in Paris—give the Queen a short furred pseudo-Merovingian gown and a coy, self-conscious expression we can't imagine. She probably wore long trailing robes like everybody else and it was Court etiquette not to look surprised when she suddenly hoisted them knee-high with a merry quack and dashed into a pond.



John

"Mortimer, really! When are you going to grow up?"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



## Country Life

Mrs. Van Cutsem and Friends  
at Her Newmarket Home



*John Bowes-Lyon was photographed with his parents, Capt. and Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon, on his first birthday*

Mrs. Bernard Van Cutsem (whose husband is in the Life Guards) was entertaining Capt. and Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon at her Newmarket home when these pictures were taken. Mrs. Van Cutsem was Mary Compton before her marriage, and is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Compton, of Newby Hall, Ripon. Both she and her husband are well known in racing circles, and breed their own racehorses, which are trained at Newmarket. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon is Capt. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's only daughter, and was married in 1941. Her husband is in the Grenadier Guards, and they have a small son, John

*Photographs by  
Swaebe*

*Mrs. Van Cutsem has one son, Hugh. She married Mr. Bernard Van Cutsem in 1939*



*Introducing the Mare and Her Foal*



*Inspecting Some of the Van Cutsem Horses*



1. Left: the bearded Captain (Sigurd Leeder), who is also the choreographer, and his two shipmates (Hans Zullig and Rolf Alexander) disport themselves

2. Right: a pas de deux between Leading Seaman Rolf Alexander and his sweetheart, Joy Bolton-Carter

3. Below, left: Seaman Hans Zullig, a dancer of great reputation, also has a sweetheart (Audrey Seed)

4. Below, right: the sailors depart for foreign ports watched by the two sweethearts, the Captain's wife (Maya Rovida) and his two daughters (Monica Johnston and Simone Genand)



Scene I: Farewell to Sweethearts and Wives. The Sailors Leave Home



Scene III: Carmencita. Romance in the Spanish Way

7. The Captain having fled the harem, we sail for Spain, or, maybe, South America, and meet that energetic charmer, Carmencita (Ulla Soederbaum, the Swedish dancer)

8. After Carmencita has shown the sailormen her version of the fandango, and a very lively one, too, Rolf Alexander falls for her in a big way



# "Sailors Fancy"

The Ballets Jooss—Coming to London in the Autumn  
—Introduce a New "Farce" into Their Repertoire

● Ballets Jooss, which has restarted in this country under the auspices of the Cambridge Arts Theatre Trust and C.E.M.A., is adding a number of new works to its repertoire. *Sailors Fancy*, by Sigurd Leeder, is a delightfully humorous opening ballet. Hein Heckroth is responsible for the costumes and decor. This is Leeder's first ballet, and the first ballet by a choreographer other than Kurt Jooss to be included in the repertoire. Leeder is Jooss's principal assistant. *Sailors Fancy* is a simple tale of the men who sail the seven seas and of the girls they meet in their ports of call. The Ballets Jooss are to have a London Season in the autumn



Scene II: Somewhere in the East. The Captain Falls for Sulaika

5. Romantic adventures start at once in the first port of call. The Captain, forgetting his dear wife and fatherless children, meets the lovely Sulaika (Noelle de Mosa), while the Eunuchs (Patricia Clogstoun and Jacinta Castillejo) take their siesta standing

6. Love will find out the way, especially when the harem walls do not a prison make nor wooden bars a cage. Sulaika soon has the amorous Captain ensnared, and he prepares, literally, to carry her off. The Eunuchs, deploring this abduction, get busy with their scimitars



Scene IV: Bamboola. The Drama of a Dusky Maiden

9. From Spain it's heave-ho for the South Seas and an awkward situation. The witch doctor (Jack Skinner) leads his sinister assistants in the preliminary ceremonies. The mariners are nearly, if not quite, in the soup

10. Bamboola (Bunty Slack) appears, falls for Hans Zullig, releases the prisoners. They escape, and poor Bamboola gets tied up instead. Scene 5 is The Return—the bad boys come gaily back to their absent ones



## Young Marrieds



Bertram Park

### Mrs. Peter Thorn

Mrs. Thorn, formerly Miss Kathleen Phyllis Moore, married Lt. Anthony Peter Thorn, Irish Guards, last December. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Moore, of Thorntonhall, Lanarkshire, and has been a member of the W.R.N.S. for over two years



Bertram Park

### Mrs. Michael O'Cock

Last February Lt. Michael James Palmer O'Cock, Irish Guards, and Miss Elizabeth Jane Hall were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Mrs. O'Cock is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. D'Arcy Hall, of Shipton Court, Shipton-under-Wychwood, Oxon



Yvonne Gregory

### Capt. and Mrs. Robert How

Capt. Robert How, Black Watch, and Miss Virginia Hughes-Onslow were married in Scotland in April 1942. He is the youngest son of Capt. and Mrs. W. F. How, of Balnacarron House, St. Andrews, and she is the only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Oliver Hughes-Onslow, of Laggan, Ayrshire. Capt. How is a Cambridge golf Blue



Harlip

### Mr. and Mrs. Miller Martin

A May wedding was that of Mr. John Miller Martin, elder son of the late Rev. John Martin and Mrs. Martin, and Miss Rosalind Ross, third daughter of Sir David Ross, Provost of Oriel College, and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. Mr. Martin is Mr. Churchill's principal private secretary, and accompanies the Prime Minister on many of his journeys. Mrs. Martin has been working at the War Office



Bertram Park

### Capt. and Mrs. Hamilton

Capt. Hubert Charles Paulet Hamilton, Royal Irish Fusiliers, of Carolside, Berwickshire, married Miss Helen Williams-Wynn, eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Watkins Williams-Wynn, two years ago. Capt. Hamilton is the only son of Mr. H. C. Hamilton, K.C., of Moyne, Queen's Co., Ireland



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## His Majesty

IF it is said that the one item of war news which the loyal subjects of the realm most want to hear is that of the safe return of The Monarch to this country, that will be no more than a bare enunciation of fact. We know the hazard, but equally well do we know that no consideration of his personal safety would deflect H.M. King George VI. from a course which he deemed it his duty to his country to steer. This visit to the fine fighting armies in North Africa, which have thrown many milestones on a very rocky road behind us, was one such duty. High courage has ever been the main ingredient in the characters of the members of the Royal House of Windsor, and the King's people are very proud of this most recent exemplification of it. When, as Prince Albert, then a sub-lieutenant, his Majesty was in one of the turrets of H.M.S. *Collingwood* all throughout the action off Jutland, suffering from the effects of an operation for appendicitis and still carrying on, we knew the fine stuff of which he was made. When the piping times of peace came once again, and the then Duke of York selected one of the stiffest countries in all England, the Pytchley, in which to take his pleasure out fox-hunting, that was another manifestation. "Brooksby" (Pennell-Elmhirst) wrote of it: "A bad horse cannot get over the country at all, and a second-class one will only spoil your pleasure and ruin your nerve." That is categorically true; but then, of course, so is the converse. Try it and see, all you future top-sawyers, if ever Fate permits you the chance! It is a grand tonic to get the better of the best. His Majesty knew this. He had been well-broken, like many others of his family, by a novitiate in the West Norfolk country, which is no funkier's paradise. The ditches and the banks may not be the chasms which are native to Meath, to take a fair example, but they are very sizeable. A grand country in which to go to school. I fancy somehow that it was West Norfolk which impelled the King to select the Pytchley.

## His Excellency

THERE is one person above all others who will be delighted over the appointment of the new Viceroy of India, and it is "Old Mother

Delhi"! She likes soldiers, particularly brave ones, and that is why she will gather F.-M. Sir Archibald Wavell to her bosom and cherish him as a fitting follower of the many great warriors she has known. India is the land of the soldier, not of the Mahatma the Pundit or of the Little Tin God Upon Wheels. The soldier is the man she understands, and Delhi, where thrice (so far) have the destinies of India been settled, is the very heart of her martial body. The city's fierce old eyes have seen many chieftains go forth to war, and also seen them return from the bloody field of Panipat with the dust caked upon the hanging shreds of their chain mail: Baber, Akbar, Ahmed Shah, to make no mention of her adventures with the bloody-minded Afghan, Ibrahim Sultan! She has seen the vultures and the kites wheeling in the ruddy dust of the sunset doing their horrid job of mopping up, tearing the flesh of captains and pecking the eyes of kings. No wonder Mother Delhi will be overjoyed at welcoming another fine fighting man within her gates. She knew Alexander and Porus; she has known the other Alexander!

## Not the First Soldier

IT is not quite correct to say that Sir Archibald Wavell is the first regular serving soldier to become Viceroy of India, for I think that we can class Lawrence as one. The late Lord Chelmsford was an officer in a Territorial battalion of the Dorsets. The late Lord Minto was an ex-Scots Guard with a fine fighting record, and likewise another record which no Viceroy ever has had, or now ever will have. He rode in four Grand Nationals: on Defence, fourth, in 1874; Miss Hungerford, knocked over the second time round, in 1875; Zero fell at Valentine's second time round in 1876, when "Mr. Rolly" dislocated his neck; and Earl Marshal, who finished sixth in 1877. Incidentally, Lord Minto won the French Grand National in 1874 on Miss Hungerford. He was a great success as a Viceroy at a time when there were almost as many internal creases to be ironed out as there are to-day. Lord Minto's predecessor had not had an exactly soothing effect—in fact, he had been the reverse of popular. Lord Curzon hated soldiers as a class, especially one in particular, and the 9th Lancers en bloc! I always thought



Cricketer's Engagement D. R. Stuart

Miss Mary de Putron, Oxford's only quadruple blue, and former member of the British School-girls' Cricket XI, is engaged to P/O. Clive Russell Vick, R.A.F.V.R. (son of Mr. Russell Vick, K.C.), who played for Cambridge in 1941



G. G. Garland

## Cobden Club Conference

Cdr. C. B. Fry, the famous cricketer, seen talking to Viscountess Snowden, widow of a former Lord Privy Seal and Chancellor of the Exchequer, were the chief speakers at a two-day conference of the Cobden Club, held at Dunford House



A Recent Cricket Match: The M.C.C. Beats Harrow

Playing against Harrow a short time ago the M.C.C. won by 79 runs, M. S. Glennie making a century. The M.C.C. team: (sitting) V. E. R. Blunt, Lt.-Col. H. S. Lewis-Barclay, R. H. Twining (Captain), Lt.-Col. G. H. M. Cartwright, M. S. Glennie; (standing) C. W. S. Lubbock, E. K. Scott, M. H. Kingsley, Capt. B. J. W. Hill, M. A. Pugh



D. R. Stuart

The Harrow XI, which was beaten by the M.C.C., had previously drawn with Malvern and Cambridge Crusaders. Playing for Harrow: (sitting) C. L. Lewis-Barclay, R. B. Stuart, I. N. Mitchell (Captain), A. Fosh, J. F. Leaf, C. C. Blount; (standing) M. H. Garnett, A. S. McLean, T. G. H. Jackson, A. McCorquodale, G. N. E. Thomas, F. R. Anson





### Derby Winner, 1943

Miss Dorothy Paget led in her horse, *Straight Deal*, T. Carey up, after winning the New Derby at Newmarket. Miss Paget, who bred the winner, has now won both the Grand National and the Derby

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

myself that the hidden core of the Curzon-Kitchener quarrel was the Viceroy's lurking suspicion that the C-in-C. might wipe his eye. A very naughty, but most fascinating, lady said to me when Lord Lonsdale came out to India, purely to shoot tigers, and stayed with Lord Curzon, that the Viceroy believed that the renowned Yellow Earl had arrived just to look over the dump with a view to being next man in! It was quite untrue, of course, but what a Viceroy Lord Lonsdale would have made at the right moment! What times those were, for we likewise had a High Priest and a Chief Justice who were very much in front of their bridles. But what a grand chance now! A great General, with a fighting Punjab officer as his Commander-in-Chief! Good luck to them both!

### The Ladies' Classic

IN January of this year, before it had been definitely settled whether we were to race at all, it was said in these notes of Nasrullah and Umiddad: "I am going to take two to beat them in the Derby and Leger, wherever they finish: Lord Rosebery's *Ribbon* and Miss Dorothy Paget's *Straight Deal*. This is not the same thing as saying that I pick either this filly or this colt straight out, but that I believe that they will finish in front of the Aga Khan's pair." To this I stand, the more so, naturally, since *Straight Deal* has won the Derby and beaten both of them. *Ribbon* did not run in the Derby; she was beaten a neck only in the Oaks by *Why Hurry*, a filly who, I should say, could give her a hand at the very least. *Ribbon* will beat more than beat her in the Leger whenever and wherever it is run, because I am convinced that the farther it is, the better she will like it. In the Oaks she was in the same position as the unhappy little boy trying to keep step with the long-striding man. She was also hampered at the start, and her jockey said lost ten lengths. If it had been even half-a-length, that would have been enough to turn the tables in her favour in that close finish. It was being up-sides that really beat her. *Ribbon* is not as high at the withers as many of those "ponies" we used to see playing polo at Hurlingham, and certainly lacks the substance of most of them, but she is the perfect galloping machine, with a heart as big as a house with plenty of room to hold it. Her

dam, *Bongrace*, who was by *Spion Kop* (Derby winner of 1920) by *Spearmint*, won both the Doncaster Cup—2½ miles—and the Jockey Club Cup, same distance, and *Ribbon* is by *Fairway*, the winner of the 1928 St. Leger. A distance of ground must obviously be her job. Congratulations, in the meanwhile, to Mr. J. V. Rank. *Why Hurry* seems to be well named: she did not do it until she was really ready for it. She was a moderate fifth in the One Thousand, well behind the non-staying *Open Warfare*. She was then ridden by Gordon Richards. *Herringbone*, obviously, did not like the extra half-mile, and I have no doubt that we shall be told once again that it is the Tetrarch blood which is to blame. *Tropical Sun's Windsor* form must have been much overrated: she was a well and truly beaten third in the Oaks. She and *Herringbone* hoisted the distress signal the

moment the final pressure came about 100 yards from the post. The saying used to be that you should never trust a gallop at Chester. I always thought they might have added "or at Windsor, either."

### Straight Tip, Straight Deal

THE four most futile words in the English language are: "I told you so." In this case, however, I am glad that they were said by me about six months ago. It was not possible to believe that *Straight Deal's* running in the Guineas was right, and the fact was duly noted. And so it turned out. The mile has yet once again told us emphatically that it is the wrong signpost to the mile-and-a-half. It was a quick mile in the Guineas—1 minute 37½ seconds—and that should have been a further warning against trusting the form vis-à-vis the Derby.



### Golf Finalists in Gulmarg, India, Competitions

Capt. H. F. Webb, of Bannu, beat Lt.-Col. C. H. Dean in the final of the Indian Army Golf Cup, played at Gulmarg, by 2 and 1



Hridainath, Kashmir

Major Innes-Hopkins, of Quetta College, beat Mr. A. Chapman, of the Punjab Police, by 4 and 3 in the Duncan Vase Competition



Istanbul: by Noel Sampson

### Sportsman—Soldier— Airman Artist

CAMELS and Arabs and desert sand, Turner-esque sunsets over "Alex"—there is nothing watery about the water-colours on view from July 7th to 21st at the Walker Galleries, in Bond Street. These impressions of the East are as colourful, in fact, as the life of the artist, Major Noel Sampson, formerly Queen's Bays and R.F.C., now in the R.A.F., recently home from Egypt.

Major Sampson has done most things in the world of sport—yachting, polo, hunting, shooting. In 1911 he made the world's hydroplane long-distance record on the Hudson River, besides winning many International Races on Lake Michigan as England's sole representative. In the last war he was shot down in France while an Observer, afterwards learned to fly himself, and, as a Wing Commander, commanded a Cadet wing in Canada and Benbrook Camp, Texas. He has won Point-to-Points and International Jumping Competitions here and abroad, and as Administrative and Sporting Adviser to H.H. the Maharajah of Baria he taught Prince Prithi Singh polo, who became the celebrated No. 1 in the Jaipur Polo Team. His father, the late Col. Dudley Sampson, J.P., D.L., of Buxshalls Park, Lindfield, Sussex, was an outstanding sportsman; a veteran of the Mutiny, he held the amateur race-riding record in India, winning forty-six races out of fifty-two and being unplaced only once.

Noel Sampson captained the Nassau Polo Team and organised the first Gymkhana in aid of the Royal Humane Society, just before the war, and joined the R.A.F. as a Pilot Officer in September 1939. He held various appointments out East, and became Squadron Leader (Organisation) to 201 group in Egypt. Many of his pictures have been bought by Royalty and well-known sportsmen



# On Active Service



## Officers of a Battalion of The Gordon Highlanders

Back row : Capt. Rev. A. Smith, Lt. A. Parish, Lt. R. MacDonald, Lt. C. C. Howitt, 2nd Lt. T. M. Smith, 2nd Lt. G. C. Davidson, Lt. R. M. Wight, Lt. H. Davenport, Lt. G. A. L. D'Arifat, 2nd Lt. D. M. Fairlie, Capt. A. W. B. MacDonald (R.A.M.C.). Front row : Capt. R. J. Robertson-Nicol, Capt. J. Mc. L. Smith, Capt. R. M. Tindall, Capt. W. S. Rae, Major L. L. Maitland, the Commanding Officer, Capt. R. C. Hutchinson, Major P. D. Barry, Capt. D. W. Soutar, Capt. D. T. Kenilworth, Capt. F. J. V. Hamilton-Smith

Right—Front row : Capt. J. Cornwell, D.C.M., Majors R. B. Mills, R. Coombes, J. O. Clark, the Commanding Officer, Capt. R. S. Young, Majors E. K. House, G. C. Terry, Capt. M. Searle. Second row : Capt. J. D. Tinkler, J. W. Marshall, J. R. Tweedale, G. W. Eadie, R. Scatchard, I. A. Macpherson, H. M. C. Walker, J. E. Bailey, J. E. Murray, B. J. Daly. Third row : Lts. D. C. H. Matthews, I. P. Macgregor, J. S. B. Ivey, H. G. Date, T. R. Davies, M. H. L. Macdonnell, L. B. Adams, C. P. Farley, J. A. H. Russell. Back row : Lt. P. R. Oliver, 2nd Lt. H. S. Axton, Lts. P. F. Sharpin, K. A. Griffith, 2nd Lts. A. M. Broodbank, J. E. Fleming, Lts. J. E. Reinhold, J. C. Zulver



## Officers of a Battalion of The Royal Tank Regiment



## Officers of a Battalion of The Royal Fusiliers

Front row : Capt. C. B. Christy, D. Galsworthy, P. Meinertzhagen (Adjutant), Majors R. P. Ashburner, L. F. G. Pritchard, M. F. W. Tyndall, Lt. R. J. Robertson, Capt. J. K. H. Culverhouse. Middle row : Capt. J. A. Morrison, Lt. F. E. Levinson, 2nd Lt. S. G. C. Brown, Lts. P. Osborn, P. Nind, J. W. A. Maude, P. C. Watling, Capt. D. Dottridge. Back row : Capt. D. C. Smith, 2nd Lt. F. R. Armstrong, Lt. H. Walmsley, R.A.M.C., 2nd Lts. J. F. C. Burgis, G. de Rougemont, R. R. Harris



## Senior Officers of A.A. Defences

Front row : Lt.-Col. E. G. Duffield, R.A., Lt.-Col. S. G. McWatters, T.D., R.A., Brig. L. E. C. M. Perowne, Lt.-Col. N. Lloyd Wade, T.D., R.A., Sen. Cdr. E. Cole-Morgan, A.T.S. Back row : Capt. G. Blackmore, R.A., Major J. Drummond, R.A., Major W. Morgan Thompson, R.A., Major M. J. Daly, R.A., Capt. D. E. Dowlen, R.A.



## Officers of an M.L. Flotilla

Front row : Lt. W. B. Watson, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. J. S. Cambridge, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Lt. J. B. Kitson, R.N.V.R. Back row : Lt. J. S. Brown, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lts. V. A. Harris, R.N.V.R., W. C. Drake, R.N.Z.N.V.R., N. R. Swanson, S.A.N.F. (V)

D. R. Stuart

D. R. Stuart



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Sub-Station

HENRY GREEN is one of the most interesting of our contemporary novelists. Either in spite of, or because of, this, he is not yet one of the best known. His experiments in technique have been made with a view to finding, as every writer should do, his own approach to reality. In his style, more often than in his subjects, he breaks with conventions. He may telescope sentences, discard an expected capital letter, or put into use a metaphor or a simile so unusual as to appear far-fetched. If these experiments failed to justify themselves, Mr. Green could be accused of carrying originality (for its own sake) to ostentatious lengths. But in my view—and I speak as a reader, not only as a fellow-novelist—the experiments do justify themselves. Mr. Green's novels reproduce, as few English novels do, the actual sensations of living. At the same time, they cover ground: by the end, the story has been told with an effectiveness, a power to hold the memory, that many "straight," conventional novelists might envy.

Readers whose ideas about the novel are stationary, and who would therefore wish the novel to remain stationary, should in fairness be warned off Mr. Green. But those who are friendly to change and growth (and are not those inseparable from life itself?) would do well to watch him—they may already have come on his *Blindness*, *Living*, *Partly Going* or *Pack My Bag*.

His new novel, *Caught* (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.), deals with the first year of this present war, up to and including the opening of the London blitz, and has been recommended by the Book Society for reasons that cannot fail to appear. "The book," says the author at the beginning, "is about the Auxiliary Fire Service which saved London in her night blitzes, and bears no relation, or resemblance, to the National Fire Service, or any individual of that Service, which took over when raids on London had ended. The characters, while founded on the reality of that time, are not drawn from life. They are all imaginary men and women. In this book only 1940 in London is real. It is the effect of that time that I have written into the fiction of *Caught*."

"The effect of that time" is, indeed, the outstanding subject of *Caught*. The scenes, the action, the behaviour of the various characters have been selected, principally, to express it. The story moves to and fro between a West End sub-station of the London Fire Force, and a country house—remote, unchanging, immune. Richard Roe, formerly in business, has gone into training, soon after Munich, as an auxiliary fireman. His wife with whom he had been in love, is dead; his remaining human emotion, a little queered by the loss, now centres on his one child, the five-year-old

Christopher. At the outbreak of war Roe has decided to leave Christopher in the country, at the home of his own childhood, in charge of an aunt. He now, therefore, only sees the boy between journeys during brief far-apart leaves from the fire station. He realises that these meetings matter too much—the hours with Christopher baffle and disappoint him.

## Undercurrents

IT is in connection also with Christopher that Roe feels a lasting awkwardness at his sub-station. For, in the pre-war year, while Roe was already in training, the child had been kidnapped—from the toy department of a big shop. And the kidnapper, traced by the police, who bring Christopher home, proved (by an extreme of unlucky chance) to be none other than the deranged sister of Pye, the regular fireman, who, first, is one of Roe's instructors, then officer-in-charge of the sub-station to which Roe is ordered when war starts. Pye—bitter and complex man, "a bit of a red"—has been forced to commit his sister to an asylum on account, as he cannot forget, of Christopher's son. Under the idle, pre-blitz tension of the months of standing-to at the sub-station, such a situation, inevitably, festers (plus the fact that Pye sees Roe as a typical spoiled, rich young man, and a muff), though decency just keeps it within bounds. Arthur Piper, old soldier (this will be his "fifth campaign") does not improve matters by snooping round. It is Piper, also, who introduces his old friend Mary Howells as station cook—a cook who, by being "adrift" for



## "Downfall of a Dictator"

Esme Percy appeared as Hitler in Douglas Reed's play, produced at the Playhouse, Oxford, in May. The play foretells the defeat of the Axis, and Hitler's abdication and disappearance following Italy's withdrawal from the war, and of the Axis armies from North Africa

days together, mounts up trouble for the ill-fated Pye—Pye's attention to duty again suffers from an affair with a girl in a Mayfair flat. Hilly, the blonde plump station driver, attempts to keep the peace between everyone: it is in Hilly's good sense and comfortable, fervent love that Roe finds at least one kind of release.

The characters in *Caught*, brought to life by Mr. Green's particular method,

could not be more alive. Pye, Piper, Shiner Wright (another fireman) and Mary Howells are, specially, unforgettable. Richard Roe himself is drawn with a sympathetic ruthlessness. As for Christopher—that disconcerting, sturdy and cryptic child—he does not seem to belong to a book at all. . . . The continuity of the novel needs careful following, because it shuttles about in time—one or two incidents are anticipated; others (most notably, the great first blitz) only come in retrospectively, as a story told. Also, the texture of the narrative prose, where this is not cut up by lively dialogue, varies. In some passages the sentences are as abruptly simple as those in a child's reader; in others one finds the packed images, and the incandescence, more often associated with poetry.

## Siam and England

IN *Brought up in England* (Foulis; 21s.), H.R.H. Prince Chula Chakrabongse, of Thailand, has written his reminiscences with modesty, enthusiasm and an engaging charm. Prince Chula has not only the advantage of knowing two countries—his own and our own—well, and of having observantly travelled in many others; he has that, I think, still rarer one—an objective attitude to his

(Concluded on page 408)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

UNLESS people be old friends who don't need always to talk,

or lovers who can never distinguish between triviality and mental brilliance, a prolonged tête-à-tête is one of the most wearisome social entertainments I know. A long conversation between three or four can be a delightful affair. One throws the ball back and forth and one never quite knows from which angle it is next coming. But unless two people are deeply and emotionally akin, this ball-throwing soon becomes a mere pat-ball, with the ball eventually seeming to weigh as much as a ten-ton lorry. Unless you possess one of those brains that can rattle on and on about nothing at all, yet all the time feel convinced they are saying something, keeping up a long conversation is like keeping up appearances with the broker's men at the door.

I am sure that half the illegitimate children born into this world are due to their parents having exhausted their mental activities while it is yet too early to go home; and many a wife would have preserved her husband's early infatuation had she seen him more in company and less often in solitary confinement. Alone at last can so easily degenerate into Alone—again! People have so much to say in the beginning that they can never foresee an end. In both love and friendship, the soil loses its richness if planted in rotation with the same crop. This applies equally well to caresses—the easiest crop to grow of all. Satiation is the arch-enemy of

emotional glamour, and when it is applied to an offhand friendship or love

it can likely lead to mental murder.

So I often wish that one might be invited out, not so much for a long, long chat, as for a good meal and an evening with a book, or to listen to the radio—and allowed the peace in which to listen to it. Or, failing this, at least two or three other people to talk to. But a tête-à-tête which is not, metaphorically speaking, also cheek to cheek is one of the longest periods of time I know—apart from sitting in a cold station for a long-overdue train. One feels worn out as well as worn threadbare. And it usually kills stone dead the thing you love.

Thus I suppose the supreme art of retaining glamour is to conceal for as long as you can just when and where your brain becomes arid and your charm runs dry. Shine before others and you will always shine before the one you wish to please; but shine perpetually for him, or her alone, and sooner or later one at least, if not both, will be praying for a duller radiance. It may give you your "moments," but it will end in a stridently emotional strain. Even love should cultivate that gentle social gift of looking at one's watch without being observed. I dare swear the people whose home faces the lovely vista of the Wye Valley rarely bother to look at it. It is only when they are envied that they are proud of it. So love and friendship should carefully choose their audience even though they are only playing to one.





**Madden — Newcombe**

Lt. Colin Duncan Madden, D.S.C., R.N., married Agnes Margaret (Peggy) Newcombe, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Newcombe, of Aldingbourne, Chichester, Sussex, at St. Mary's Church, Aldingbourne



**Archer-Shee — MacCaw**

Lt. Philip Archer-Shee, R.N.V.R., third son of the late Lt.-Col. Sir M. Archer-Shee and of Lady Archer-Shee, married Gabrielle Betty MacCaw, daughter of Capt. G. H. MacCaw, and Mrs. Renée MacCaw, at the Brompton Oratory



**Brown — Lutyens**

Capt. Barrie Brown, Reconnaissance Regiment, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown, of Easter Livlands, Stirling, married Patricia Lutyens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lutyens, of Clovelly, Warrington, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

## Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Balfour — Welch**

Paymaster-Lt. Richard Creighton Balfour, eldest son of Major and Mrs. D. C. Balfour, married Delia Welch, only child of Col. and Mrs. H. C. Welch, at Chatham, Kent, at the Garrison Church, Chatham



**Venner — Giles**

Lt. S. G. Venner, D.S.C., R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Venner, of Windelsore, Shenfield, Essex, married Noreen Thurlby Giles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Giles, of Thurby House, Oakhall Avenue, Haywards Heath, at Lindfield Parish Church



**Coates — Shaw**

Lt. Patrick Henry Coates, R.A., son of Capt. and Mrs. Coates, Coastguard Station, St. Ives, Cornwall, married Mary Elizabeth Helen Shaw, daughter of Cdr. Sir John Shaw, and Lady Shaw, of The White House, Fawkham, Kent, at St. Mary's, Swanley, Kent



**Fennell — Brigstocke**

Major Reginald Charles Grisdale Fennell, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, married Gladys Veronica Brigstocke, widow of Lt. W. G. Player Brigstocke, and elder daughter of Rev. H. and Mrs. Wigram, of Goodnestone, Canterbury, at St. Peter's, Vere Street, W.1



**Penistan — Reade**

Dr. John Llywellyn Penistan, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.P., son of the late J. B. Penistan, and of Mrs. Penistan, of Loughton, married Violet Mary Reade, daughter of Surg. Capt. A. G. L. Reade, and Mrs. Reade, at St. Paul's, Bentley, Essex



**Murray-Johnson — Shuttleworth Rendall**

Lt. Antony Francis Murray-Johnson, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Johnson, of 5, Bethia Road, Bournemouth, married Mary Carcen Shuttleworth Rendall, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Shuttleworth Rendall, of Drove House, Cranborne, Dorset, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 393)

even prettier than usual. Lady Franckenstein's marble pallor was well set off by her favourite black clothes; Mrs. Jardine Hunter-Paterson's golden tan matched the snow leopard lapels of her coat; Capt. and Mrs. Rupert Byass were among grim strugglers for a taxi at Waterloo; so were Lady Lorna Howard, Lord Baldwin's daughter, and her husband, Mr. Arthur Howard.

The sun lit up the corn-coloured hair of Miss Juliet Hainault, soon to become one of the prettiest young members of the W.R.N.S.

### London Wedding

THE Egyptian Ambassador and Mr. Amery went to the wedding of Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky to Lt. Craig Wheaton-Smith at the King's Chapel of the Savoy and both signed the register. Mrs. Amery was also among the guests, a striking figure in a scarlet coat and little skull-cap to match. The bride wore her mother's wedding dress, a lovely affair of soft white satin, flounced and trimmed with Brussels lace, the long train which also formed a veil being also of old lace. A touch of colour was provided by a sheaf of flame-coloured roses, rather similar in tone to those mingled with blue delphiniums carried by the bride's two attendants. They were Mrs. Harold Cassel, the matron of honour, and Miss Pamela Robertson, bridesmaid, both with wreaths of delphiniums in their hair, though their dresses were different, the former in powder blue and the latter in champagne-coloured satin. Prince Wiasemsky and his wife, who is Mr. Gordon Selfridge's eldest daughter, held a reception at Claridge's, where the cake was cut. The best man, Capt. Julian Amery, proposed the health of the young couple, and the groom, after returning thanks, in turn toasted his wife. People were caught unawares when both groom and best man threw down their champagne glasses, this smashing of glasses apparently being a Continental custom to herald good luck. The Hon. Grania Guinness, with whom Princess Tatiana worked for a long time driving mobile canteens in Sussex, was there, smart in her W.A.A.F. uniform. Others included Mr. Selfridge and his youngest daughter, Mrs. Lovell-Lewis, Lady Courtney, wearing an unusual diamond badge brooch, for not only did it include R.A.F. wings, but was surmounted by a tiny naval crown, signifying that her Air Marshal husband was in the Royal Navy first of all; Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys with his wife, sporting what she called her Ascot hat of happy, pre-war memories; Mrs. Cecil Pilcher and her W.R.N.S. daughter, Nadine, and the Hon. Donough and Mrs. O'Brien, the latter wearing a miniature of her son, who was killed in Libya.

### In America

ANGLO-AMERICANS in the United States are doing their "bit." Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, who is American-born but whose husband is English, is travelling in different States explaining the British war effort to various gatherings of soldiers training to go overseas. "Points" rationing, it seems, is now in full swing over there, and she, like everyone else, is feeling the lack of domestic help as well as a shortage of meats, chickens, butter and fats. Mrs. Johnston says that if her daughter had not sent her a ham from her farm she and her husband would have had no meat for five weeks. Mr. Lawson-Johnston has not been well, as he has felt the death of his brother, Lord Luke, very much. He works all day in New York, and has throughout the winter, with British War Relief.



Aberdeen Aids China

Sir Thomas Mitchell, the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, paid a recent visit to London to present a cheque for £15,300 to Lady Cripps, for the United Aid to China Fund. Lady Cripps, wife of the Minister of Aircraft Production, is the founder and president of the Fund, and works very hard for its cause

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

own experience. He is already the author, in Thai, of several studies of European historical figures, and, in English, of books about motor racing. Had it not been for his royal status he might have appeared on the stage: he had a bent for the theatre. His versatility may, in part, be due to his mixed blood: his mother is Russian. Prince Chula himself has married an English wife.

The accounts of Thailand (till lately Siam) are fascinating. One can inhabit, in one's imagination, this land of brilliant mornings and heavy rains, of jewel-studded temples and endless waterways, of modern convenience (for instance, the Prince did not know that houses were lit by anything but electricity till he stayed with a Brighton tutor and found gas-light) and age-old mystery. One shares the little boy's first view of the world from the windows of a garden-surrounded Bangkok palace, his delight in his mother's and his grandmother's jewels, and his pride in the miniature military uniforms he was allowed to wear when attending functions at his grandfather's court.

Prince Chula was an only child. His father, Prince Chakrabongse, was the second son of King Chulalongkorn (fifth monarch of the Chakri dynasty) by his first wife, Queen Sawang. This branch had, therefore, status of the first rank—Prince Chula explains that the accepted and honourable practice of polygamy in Thailand, up to two generations ago, made it necessary to gradate, by a fixed rule, the status of any one king's different groups of sons. Polygamy, also, had the effect of complicating the royal family tree—Prince Chula, however, has so well mastered his own that he succeeds in making it clear to us. He summarises, very interestingly, the years preceding his birth—his father's youth in Russia, first with the Tsar's Corps de Pages, then at the Military Academy of General Staff.

It was the accepted custom that the Thai princes should be educated abroad. Prince Chula, arriving in England at the age of thirteen—after the sadness occasioned by his parents' divorce, upon which followed the tragedy of his father's death—only deviated from the family custom in being sent to Harrow instead of Eton. Before Harrow, however, there were to be several terms spent in tutors' houses—one is amused by the freshness of the Prince's young observations of English middle-class home life. His London headquarters, the Thai legation in Kensington, appear to have been distinctly oppressive and triste. Self-pity, even retrospective self-pity, does not play any part in Prince Chula's narrative, but one can understand that these years had their ups and downs. The Prince states two regrets—that, not having learned cricket at a preparatory school he was debarred from playing cricket at Harrow; and that, as a home boarder, he inevitably missed some advantages that he should have enjoyed at a great public school.

But, if the Harrow years were imperfect, Trinity College, Cambridge, appears to have been sheer bliss. Prince Chula's gift for friendship, intellectual tendencies and faculties for enjoyment here emerged simultaneously, to the full. He was five years at Cambridge: the vacations were filled by London sociabilities or by travel.

### Royal Persons

IT was while he was up at Cambridge that Prince Chula formed what has proved a lasting friendship with his younger cousin, Prince Bira, then a boy at Eton. From then on, the story of that brilliant young ace among amateur racing drivers runs concurrently with Prince Chula's own. It was the White Mouse Garage, financed and managed by the elder of the two royal cousins, that contributed steadily to the younger's triumphs. Motor-racing management, with the journeys and the many contacts involved, interests and satisfies Prince Chula. Brought up in England has several chapters on it. . . . As engaging as anything in the book may be found the Prince's accounts of his experiences as a royalty among royalties. The exalted fatigue (and sometimes the intense cold) of kings' funerals alternate with more inspiring functions, such as coronations, State religious processions and levées. Prince Chula was fortunate in enjoying the particular friendliness of King George V. and Queen Mary: he describes the first of many intimate lunches at Buckingham Palace.

The member of my family whom he [King George V.] had known best was my great uncle, Prince Damrong, whom he had met in India many years previously. . . . Prince Damrong had been to London and they had met again. "I asked my old friend," the King said, with a chuckle, "Well, Damrong, so you're still Damrong; when are you ever going to be Damright?"

On the subject of his own country—its religion, traditions, internal affairs and foreign policy—Prince Chula writes with authority. His interest in and knowledge of history are here well applied. Within his own lifetime there have been in Thailand a series of revolutions, marking the change-over from absolute to constitutional monarchy. Thailand's action against the Allied Nations has been a shock to the Prince, who remains convinced that it does not represent the real will of the Thai people. He had seen every sign that Thailand meant to adhere to her policy of the strictest neutrality; and, when last in Bangkok, early in 1939, he found not a trace of Japanese influence.

### Nostalgia

"EVENINGS IN ALBANY," by Clifford Bax (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 8s. 6d.), is a delightfully civilised memoir of good days gone. The book made me think of an album of pressed flowers—except that the colours are not lost. Those who know how to savour good company should relive these Albany evenings with Mr. Bax. Here, too, is the implicit statement of a philosophy. He has entitled two haunting, anonymous diaries "A Desperate Soul" and "A Perfect Life."



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AS SEEN BY

VICKY

THE NEWS CHRONICLE CARTOONIST

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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



It is always pleasant to visit the Sportswear Department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. To them must be given the credit of the dress above, which is made of a new fancy linen. As will be seen, it has a becoming yoke and turn-over collar. The skirt is arranged in an unusual manner, while the sleeves just turn the elbows. Too much cannot be said in favour of the cycling suits. Made of a light summer fabric, they have divided skirts and specially-cut shirts. By the way, a strong point in their favour is that they do not become easily creased. Another novelty of a totally different character is the brushed mohair sweaters which button smartly up to the neck. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that here is to be seen a splendid assortment of accessories for the sportswoman

Pyjamas are simple, no matter the material of which they are made. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, have a large and varied assortment of the same, one of which finds pictorial expression on the right. It is carried out in a floral fabric in gay colours, and may be slipped on in the fraction of a second. These pyjamas are warmly appreciated by women in the Services. In striking contrast to the pyjamas there are the time-honoured nightdresses. They are expressed in soft materials, some being of fancy satin. No one must leave these salons until they have seen the wrappers; they are very useful for wearing after a hard day's work. Many of them are tailored. Neither must the comforts for invalids be overlooked



Elizabeth Arden has ever advocated the importance of the care of the skin, as unless it is healthy a woman can never present a well-groomed appearance. She likes the simple beauty of the picture above. She has christened it "The Wartime Face." These are the things to be taken into consideration: the hair, which will be found becoming to the majority. The shades of the lipstick are limited; nevertheless, the shape of the lips may be varied with its aid. Rouge may be used, but if it is applied discreetly it will pass unnoticed. The eyes should be treated with the Eye Lotion. The complexion will readily respond to the good offices of Cleansing Cream, Skin Food and Tonic. Furthermore, the figure must be trained so that undue strain will have no deleterious effect on it



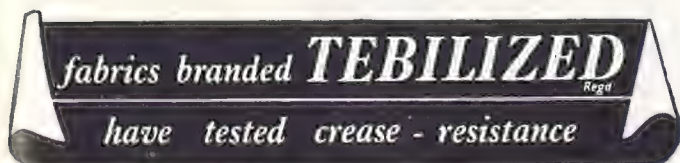


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or creased?*



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Away with wrinkled, rumpled frocks! You can be handbox-smart and thrifty too, if you choose fabrics branded 'Tebilized.' That's the password to *tested crease-resistance*. Fabrics so marked have the crease-resistance natural to wool, drape more subtly, need less ironing and washing. Don't buy unnecessarily, of course, but remember this. 'Tebilized' brand fabrics save valuable raw materials for war industry because they have stabler dyes, reduced shrinkage-risk and longer useful life. So keep a lookout for the 'Tebilized' brand. It's on many Utility rayons too!



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This RIMA model is worn by Miss EVELYN DARVELL, a Jack Hylton artiste in "Lady Behave".



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The Model Gown Department can show an interesting collection of individual smart summer outfits, suitable for all wartime occasions. Owing to the scarcity of good quality materials they are not repeatable.

Illustrated is a delightful ensemble in a distinctive navy and white printed crêpe, with fine piqué revers and cuffs; also obtainable in black or brown with white. **£10.1.2**

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## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

TWO cats were watching a tennis tournament. One of the pussies seemed intent on the match, and followed the ball back and forth without missing a stroke. The other appeared bored and also a bit irritated at his companion's interest.

"I didn't know you cared so much for tennis," he finally purred.

"I don't," the other replied, "but my old man's in the racket."

A LITTLE New York kid was taken for a trip in the country by his aunt. Suddenly he called out: "Look, aunty! A boid!"

She said: "That's a bird, dear—not a boid."

"Well," he said, "it choips like a boid."

THE amateur conjurer was getting ready to perform his best and final feat, and stepped to the edge of the platform.

"For the purpose of my next trick, will some gentleman in the audience lend me his hat? Will you, sir?" he added persuasively to a man in the front row.

But the man in question clutched his hat firmly with both hands and shook his head.

"I will not," he retorted indignantly, "not until you return the lawn mower you borrowed last summer."

THE story is told of the very dignified head of a stock-broking firm whose massive portals have for many years awed the investor into a state of reverent conservatism, a firm to whom we shall refer as Rogers and Hornsby.

The gentleman in question received one morning in his half-acre private office a telegram to the effect that his youngest brother's daughter, who had run away from home and gone on the stage, was appearing at a local music hall. He was urged to go and give her a little advice.

That afternoon his tremendous limousine drew up before the music hall. With a few indignant grunts the dignified financier walked to the stage entrance and approached the doorman.

"Who shall I say is calling?" he was asked.

"Just tell her it's Mr. Rogers, of Rogers and Hornsby."

The doorman gave him an appraising glance, and asked, innocently: "Playing here next week?"



Karl S. S. S.

### Cabaret Newcomers

Greta Gaye (left), variety star, with her partner, Nelsa Nevard, recently made her cabaret debut at the May Fair Hotel. Greta, who is the wife of Sq./Ldr. Bill Steward, R.A.F., was one of the last English artistes to appear in Rome, and made a thrilling escape from Italy in 1941.

ERNEST R. POPE in *Munich Playground* tells the following:—

The Gestapo raided a Jewish home. They confiscated all valuables, then examined the victim's papers. They picked up a suspicious-looking note-book. Turning to the first page, they read:—

"God preserve Adolf Hitler!"

Astonished, one of the Gestapo said: "What a strange Jew! So patriotic despite all persecution."

He turned the page. On it was written in large letters: "God preserve Joseph Goebbels!"

"This Jew must be O.K.," exclaimed the Gestapo.

They looked at page 3, which said: "God preserve Hermann Goering!"

"Too bad this loyal German is a Jew," the amazed Black Guards remarked.

Page 4 bore the inscription: "God preserve Heinrich Himmler!"

"We must make this fellow an honorary Aryan," the Gestapo burst out in unison. They turned to page 5. On it was written: "God preserve Ernst Roehm."

Below this was the pencilled note: "Preserved—June 30, 1934."

THE Army Air Corps is noted for rapid promotion of young officers. A sign over the officers' club bar in a Californian camp reads: "No lieutenant-colonels of the Army Air Forces allowed at the bar unless accompanied by their parents."

FROM *Washington Is Like That*, by Wm. M. Kiplinger, comes the following:—

Every employee of the War Department must wear a badge bearing his name and a passport-size photograph. One experimental clerk replaced his own photograph with one clipped from a magazine and for three weeks passed the outer and inner guards. Finally a desk-mate noticed that the face on the badge was that of Adolf Hitler.

*It Is Your Personal Responsibility To Save Paper*

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.







# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Size Competition

How big? is the question most often asked about the passenger air liners of the future. Among the leading advocates of the enormous are Mr. F. G. Miles and Sir Alliot Verdon-Roe, both men of practical aircraft experience and successful aircraft practice.

A hundred passengers seem to be the round figure most often visualised. It is a convenient number to work to and it enables some of the problems of optimum size to be elucidated.

When does a pleasant gathering become a howling mob? People used to spend their time rushing about in crowds to get away from the crowds. I suppose that one hundred people, gathered together in an appropriate aircraft, would be able to tolerate one another for a few hours.

But they would only do so if they had plenty of room. They must have their dining-room, their lounge, their bar and their bedrooms. They ought to have their promenade deck. But none of these things need have the spaciousness of ship accommodation.

The air passenger is a passenger for only a short time. He is not so liable to get restive as the sea passenger. Nevertheless those who remember Air France before the war will also remember that it was popular because it provided civilised living conditions, with fine food and good drink, in its aeroplanes.

## Frequency

Then there is that problem of frequency touched on by Dr. Edward Warner. Size of aircraft and frequency of service are two related variables. They should be juggled in collaboration with one another. The ultra-large aircraft which goes between A and B once a month is less likely to be successful than the many small aircraft which go between A and B once an hour. But here again there are complications.

Much depends upon the distance between A and B. If it is a great distance, the big, infrequent machine

may gain over the small frequent machine. In fact, taken by and large, air transport problems are so complex that it is almost impossible to read a simple and straightforward solution to any of them.

I should like to see a theoretical computation of optimum size. A study which would show between what high and low limits the aircraft of the future will settle. My own wild guess is that flying boats will go up to about 500 tons gross and land-planes about 100 tons.

I do not mean that I can see any factor which places an engineering limit at 500 tons and 100 tons, but that those are the sorts of sizes I expect to fit most nearly into the complex of peacetime air transport.

## Aeroeducation

ANOTHER thing for which we should be beholden to Mr.

F. G. Miles is his strong advocacy of a Commonwealth University of Aeronautics. Sir Roy Fedden, after his visit to America recently, said that he had been impressed by the larger numbers of young men over there who were receiving a good aeronautical training.

Mr. Geoffrey Smith about the same time was urging the establishment of an air university and I think that there is a proven need for one. Aeronautics cannot be satisfactorily taught as an offshoot of other things. There is room for a specialist centre and it would be of inestimable value to our future in the air if we were to set one up soon.

All of which, however, takes no notice of the fact that we are busy. Even if we all accept the need for an air university, we dare not ask competent technical men to turn their thoughts from war making to teaching just now.

One other thing about civil air transport is worth notice. In a report by the Merchant Navy Training Board it was said that it was alive to the possibility of close liaison between shipping and civil aviation.



**Sq. Ldr. W. V. Crawford-Compton, D.F.C. and bar, left New Zealand, where he was born 28 years ago, in 1939 to join the R.A.F. Bill Compton had a credit of 11½ kills before he was grounded for a rest. He is now back with his squadron as a fighter pilot**

That seems to me the right idea.

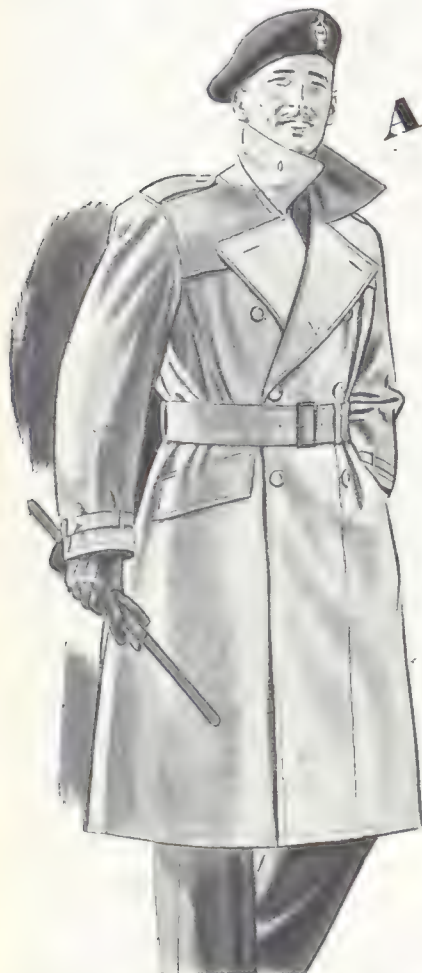
I have never understood why people in aviation should want to exclude people in shipping from running air lines. If those with aviation experience are really better able to run air lines than those without, they need not fear competition—always provided it is not competition subsidised by the Government.

## W.H.

ON this matter I read more sound sense in a short article which appeared the other day in a monthly publication under the name of Mr. George Woods Humphery than has been talked by all the members of the Government put together. Woods Humphery, who achieved a commercial rendering in British air-line operation which has never been surpassed, lists four questions on which people should clarify their views.

They concern the establishment of a separate Ministry of Air Transport; the advisability or the reverse of granting a monopoly of operation to a single chosen instrument; the advisability of granting subsidies and the definition and practice of the freedom of the air. It is worth remembering that, generally speaking, Imperial Airways, in 1937 and 1938, was operating on a self-supporting basis. The Empire Mail Scheme, as Mr. Woods Humphery reminds us, had no subsidy element so far as the air line was concerned.

The original proposal for carrying all the mail by air between various units of the Empire contained a provision that the overseas postage rates be 2½d., bringing them into line with foreign postage rates. The public paid 2½d. for letters to France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, a few hundred miles away; and yet they had their letters taken twelve thousand miles to Australia and New Zealand for only 1½d. These are things which we ought not too readily to forget when we regard aviation as doomed in perpetuity to Government subsidies and the incubus of interference they entail.



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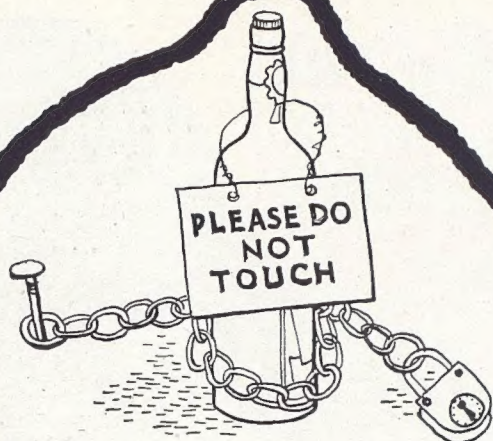
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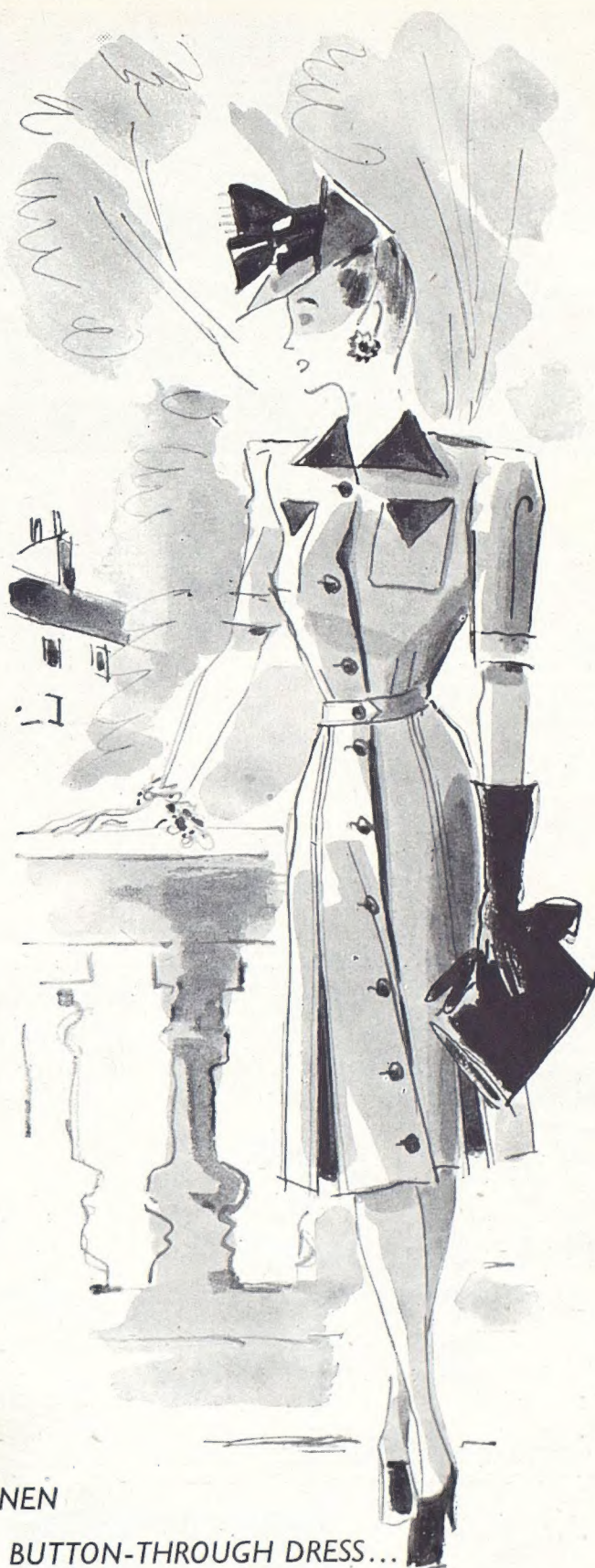
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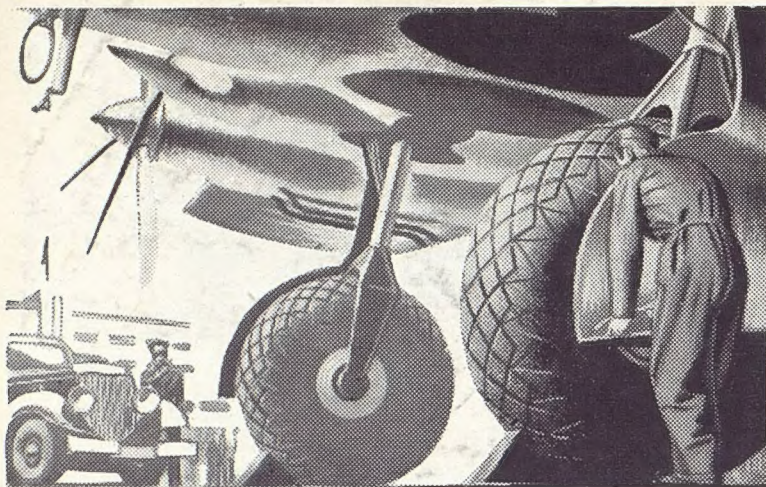
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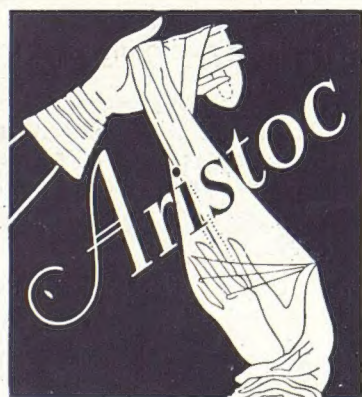


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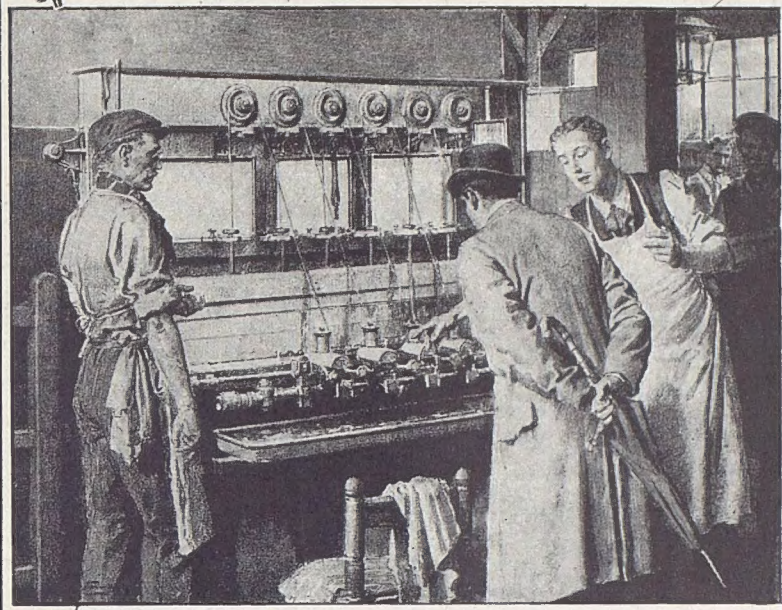
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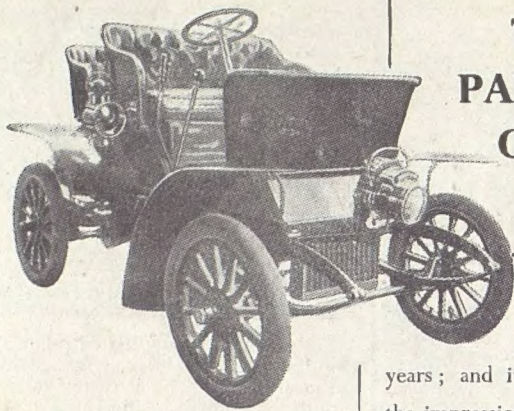
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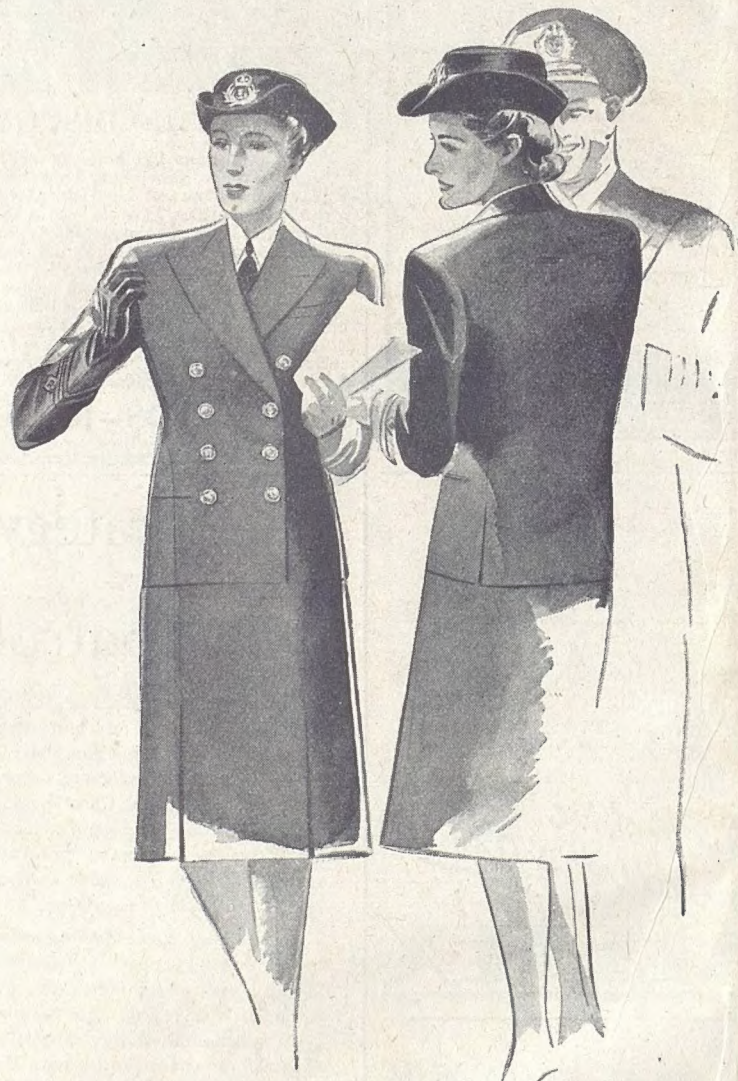
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